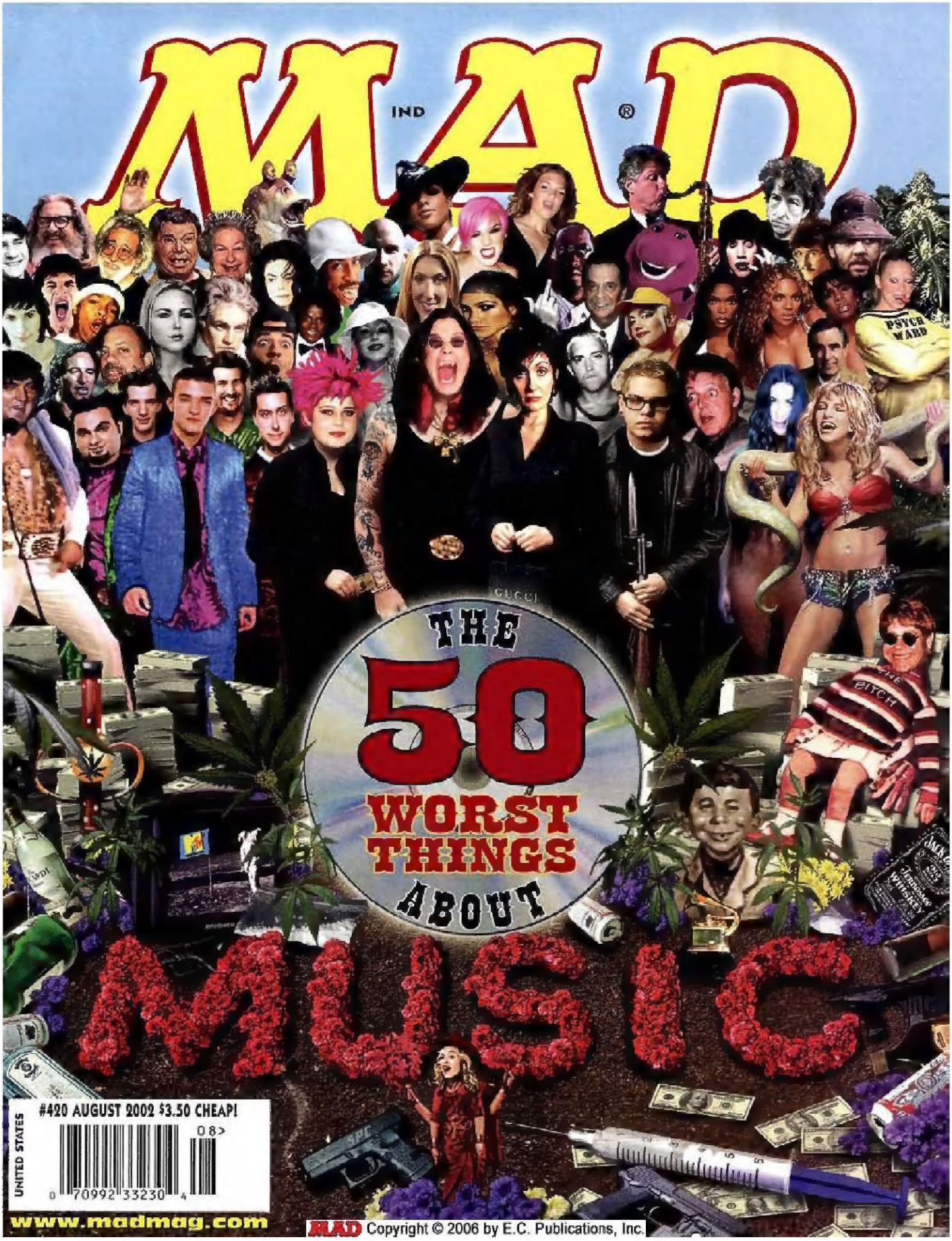
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50 YEARS OF STUPIDITY!

AUGUST 2002 NUMBER 420

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPARTMENT:
Random Samplings of Reader Mail 2

DARK SIDE OF THE TUNES DEPARTMENT:
MAD's 50 Worst Things About...Music 6

TALES FROM THE DUCK SIDE DEPARTMENT:
Last Bango In Paris 14

ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPARTMENT:
Monroe and...Disney World Part II 17

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT:
Spy Vs. Spy Vs. Spy 22

THE REGIS LINK DEPARTMENT:
The Everlasting, Ridiculous Impact of
Who Wants To Be a Millionaire 24

BARULA TO THE FUTURE DEPARTMENT:
"Endless-Prize" (A MAD TV Satire) 28

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPARTMENT:
A MAD Look at Cruises 34

OZZIEST DEPARTMENT:
Shoddy *Osbournes* Merchandise We'll Be Seeing Soon 37

DIAGNOSIS MURDERED DEPARTMENT:
MAD Scans the Human Body 42

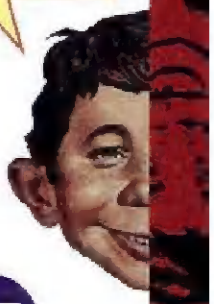
WHO'S YOUR CADDY? DEPARTMENT:
A MAD Look at Paternity Suits on the PGA Tour 43

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHARD'S DEPARTMENT:
An Important Product Recall Notice
From Heavenly Slumber, Inc. 44

CAN YOU SMELL WHAT THE ROCK IS FILMIN'? DEPARTMENT:
"The Scorpion Ka-Ching!" (A MAD Movie Satire) 46

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT:
"Drawn Out Dramas" ..... Various Places
by Sergio Aragones Around the Magazine

Most people are so concerned about getting in the last word, they ignore all the previous ones!



FRONT COVER ARTIST:
SCOTT BRICHER

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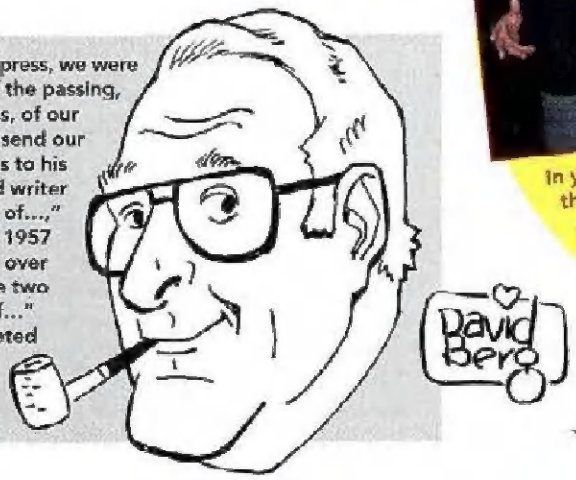
KIDS IN THE SMALLVILLE

In yet another case of life imitating art imitating life, the cast of the WB's super smash hit *Smallville* recently posed themselves as depicted on the cover of MAD #415! They also sent in another photo of themselves with former Dukes of Hazzard star and now Superboy dad John Schneider! Our thanks to (L-R) Tom Welling, Michael Rosenbaum, Kristen Kreuk and John Schneider.

As this issue went to press, we were saddened to hear of the passing, after a lengthy illness, of our own Dave Berg. We send our deepest condolences to his family. The artist and writer of "The Lighter Side of...," Dave joined MAD in 1957 and has appeared in over 365 issues. There are two new "Lighter Side of..." articles Dave completed before his death that we will publish in upcoming issues.



Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

My name is Kelley Thornsberry. I am writing this letter to see if the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ can make my dumb wish come true. My friends Claire Shelden and Katie Fry and I are each writing you a letter and we have made a bet to see whose letter gets published, if any. There is a certain amount of money involved and if you print my letter and not my friends' you would make my dumb wish come true. Claire is a huge liar and will say Katie and I never read MAD, but all she wants is the money. All Katie ever does is read my old issues and never, ever buys them herself. Also, my dumb wish includes getting a free issue next month.

Kelley Thornsberry, Lewistown, MT

I am a very big fan of your magazine and have read almost every issue since 1999 and would like to talk to you about a bet made with my friends. We are all going to write to you and whoever's letter you publish (if you publish any of them) wins the bet. So I'm asking you to please publish my letter. Even if you don't, could you please send me next month's issue free? The letters that you should look for will be from Kelley Thornsberry and Claire Shelden.

Katie Fry, Lewsitown, MT

My name is Claire Shelden. I am writing to you to make a dumb wish. My friends, Kelley Thornsberry and Katie Fry are also writing to you with a dumb wish. We have a bet to see whose letter will get published. The winner gets an undisclosed amount of money. If you do this for me, you will make my dumb wish come true and maybe this will be the highlight of my teenage years. You could be a part of that, and all you have to do is give me a few measly inches on your Letters Page! You should publish mine because I am the only real fan of MAD, they hardly ever buy it! So if you publish their letters and not mine, it would be a shame to all MAD fans everywhere! Kelley will say I lie and that I don't read MAD, but I do read it, they don't! Could you send me next month's issue? Thanks so much for making my dumb wish come true!

Claire Shelden, Lewistown, MT

Hey Ladies — Well, well, well, nothing gets us more excited at the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ than a good old fashioned cat-fight! — *meow!* Because all three letters were so heartfelt and laced with craven desire, we decided to print all three and since all three of you asked for next month's issue for free, we are going to make that dumb wish come true as well! Kelley will get pages 1-16, Katie will get pages 17-32 and Claire will get 33-48! Your non-tax deductible interest and support of the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ is appreciated! —Ed.

THE NAME BLAME

Your movie spoof "The Royal Painintheburns" (MAD #417) caused a royal pain in my head. Owen Wilson's character is introduced as Eli Cash. He is then referred to as Wally Crash a couple of times and in the end he is called Eli again. He had a drug problem in the movie, not multiple personalities!

Jim Dewey, Burton, OH

Jimbo — So you think you're so smart? It just so happens that we were using our spoof of *The Royal Tenenbaums* to pay homage, a tip of the hat if you will, to two of our favorite people, both long since deceased: Inventor Eli Whitney and comedian Wally Cox. Now don't you feel small? Now don't you feel stupid? You owe *us* a letter of apology! —Ed.

THE TOOTH IS OUT THERE

Out of pure curiosity, how did Alfred E. Neuman lose his tooth?

Nate Martell, Spokane, WA

Nate Dogg — It was a work related injury, 'nuff said! —Ed.

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LORD OF THE DING-A-LINGS

I feel very privileged for getting my letter printed in MAD magazine. But, as I was reading *The Lord of the Rings* issue (MAD #416) I felt it my duty to report all the mistakes I could find, just as I did with the *Harry Potter* issue (MAD #412). First, Gandalf should be smoking with Bilbo on the hill, not Frodo. Second, the group meets Arwen in the woods. Third, the Fellowship has already passed those giant statues before they were attacked by Orcs. Lastly, and even though it doesn't really matter, Aspercreme isn't even a play on the word Saruman.

Aaron Grono, Forest Lake, MN

Aaron — Wow! We're willing to bet that you've seen that movie dozens of times! And we'll go double or nothing that you've never gone with a date! Be honest, when was the last time you went out on a date? Better yet, when was the last time you left your house? Seriously, take the tin foil off of your ceiling, put on some long pants and go for a nice walk in the park! —Ed.

HE LIKES MIKE

Today I received my MAD in the mail and as usual I went straight to the Letters Page. In issue #417 I saw a letter written by Billy Denham. He complained to you that Michael Jordan played for the Birmingham Barons in his baseball career and nothing else. I had to reply because MJ is my favorite athlete and I couldn't stand hearing wrong info about him. I also don't like people who correct MAD Magazine. If he really knew something about His Airness he would know that Michael played for another team along with the Barons in his baseball career. This team is the Scottsdale Scorpions. He also advanced to the Nashville Sounds, but ended his season early, in the Spring when MLB players went on strike. If you dare to correct MAD, at least get your facts right.

Andy Klein, Boston, MA

Raggedy Andy — Your knowledge of minor league baseball is indeed impressive, yet we can't help but think that you too may benefit from a nice walk in the park with Aaron Gronol —Ed.

HOW TO REACH US

Please address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 420, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York, 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

SOUND DEFECTS

I want to recognize the excellence of artist John Caldwell and writer Michael Gallagher on their use of sound in "Drama on Page 14" in issue #416. As the world's leading authority on Don Martin lexiconology and the compiler of the internationally renowned *Don Martin Dictionary*, it was nice to see these two gentlemen not rip off a single sound effect. Don Martin used the sound "SHIKA" as in "SHIKA SHIKA SHIKA," which is the sound of a man scratching his back, but Martin never used "SHIKA SHIK SHIK SHIK."

Ed Norris, Lancaster, MA

Eddie — Thanks for your letter, but, to be honest, we don't give a Shik! —Ed.

STRIKE UP THE SAND

When daysatthebeach.com president Matt Long wanted to promote their *Can You Dig It* sand tools at a recent toy show in New York City, they knew they needed something appealing and eye-catching. With no appealing or eye-catching ideas, they instead hired world-famous sand sculptress Karen Fralich to create an Alfred E. Neuman in sand using only their tools. O.K. readers — here's your task for this month: send us your own sand sculptures of Alfred. Or maybe you would like to work in a different medium — marbles or jelly-beans perhaps — maybe a mixed medium of things found in the trash. Send us your non-returnable photos of your best creative efforts to Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. We'll put the best ones in a future issue!

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Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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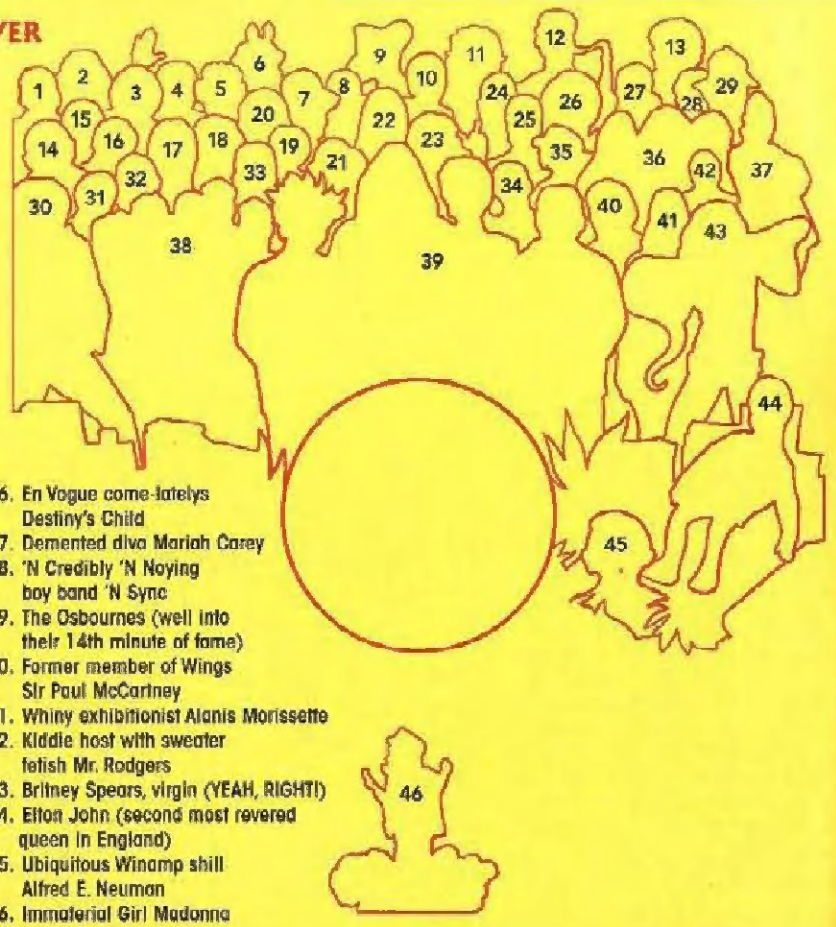
WHO'S WHO ON OUR RIDICULOUS COVER

1. Napster geek Sean Fanning
2. William M. Gaines, Jerry Garcia stunt double (1968-1974)
3. Jerry Garcia, William M. Gaines stunt double (1974-1982)
4. Hammy Priceline huckster William Shatner
5. Powerless foreign figurehead Queen Elizabeth
6. Enchanting French Canadian songstress Celine Dion
7. Soon to be washed-up rap star Ludacris
8. Hairless commercial jingle writer Moby
9. Soulless soul sister Alicia Keyes
10. Pink (Billy Idol with breasts)
11. Vapid pop princess Mandy Moore
12. Bill Clinton (his hand is on Barney's ass)
13. Nasal, incoherent folk oddity Bob Dylan
14. Monotoned New Age droner Enya
15. Decrepit rock embarrassment Mick Jagger
16. Lil' Bow Wow (the thinking man's Lil' Romeo)
17. Pretentious poetess poser Jewel
18. Over-rated hack Beethoven
19. Soon-to-be surgically-altered freakazoid Michael Jackson
20. Surgically-altered freakazoid Michael Jackson
21. Eminem's waifish punching bag Christina Aguilera
22. Horsefaced intergalactic gootball Jar Jar Binks
23. Jennifer Lopez (a triple threat — can't sing, dance or act)
24. P. Diddy, a.k.a. Puff Daddy, a.k.a. A-Hole
25. Irritating, ageless dinosaur Dick Clark
26. Irritating, ageless dinosaur Barney
27. Hermaphroditic has-been Marilyn Manson
28. Al Yankovic, only legit musician shown on this cover
29. Russell Crowe (a beautiful mind, a lousy singer)
30. Elvis Presley (currently residing in Kalamazoo, Michigan)
31. Blue collar billionaire Bruce Springsteen
32. Wannabe classical composer Billy Joel
33. Suck-up to the stars Carson Daly
34. Overrated shock monkey Eminem
35. Gwen Stefani (Please return my phone calls —Ed.)
36. En Vogue come-latelys Destiny's Child
37. Demented diva Mariah Carey
38. 'N Credibly 'N Noying boy band 'N Sync
39. The Osbournes (well into their 14th minute of fame)
40. Former member of Wings Sir Paul McCartney
41. Whiny exhibitionist Alanis Morissette
42. Kiddie host with sweater fetish Mr. Rodgers
43. Britney Spears, virgin (YEAH, RIGHT!)
44. Elton John (second most revered queen in England)
45. Ubiquitous Winamp shill Alfred E. Neuman
46. Immaterial Girl Madonna



1-800 CALL ATT for Collect Calls 2002 X Games Sweepstakes
OFFICIAL RULES

NO TELEPHONE CALL OR PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER OR WIN.
PLACING A CALL OR MAKING A PURCHASE WILL NOT INCREASE YOUR CHANCES OF WINNING.

ELIGIBILITY: Sweepstakes is open to legal residents of the 50 United States, District of Columbia, and the U.S. Virgin Islands who are 11 years of age or older as of 6/17/02, except employees of AT&T ("Sponsor"), ESPN, The Familie, and their respective parents, subsidiaries and affiliates and advertising and promotion agencies and Project Support Team, Inc. and each of their immediate family members (including mother, father, sister, brother, any child, husband or wife) and those living in their household. Sweepstakes is void in Puerto Rico and where prohibited. Eligible minors should obtain their parent's or legal guardian's consent prior to entry.

TWO WAYS TO PARTICIPATE: A.) 1-800 CALL ATT: During the period 6/17/02 (12:00 AM Eastern Time ("ET")) to 7/28/02 (11:59 PM ET) (the "promotion period"), each time you place a 1-800 CALL ATT collect call using prompt #2 and the call charges are accepted, you will be automatically entered in the 1-800 CALL ATT for Collect Calls X Games 2002 Sweepstakes. Calls must originate and terminate in the 50 United States, District of Columbia, or the U.S. Virgin Islands to be eligible for entry. 1-800 CALL ATT Collect Call entries will be randomly intercepted during the promotion period to advise callers (not call recipients) if they have won a prize, subject to verification of eligibility as outlined in these Official Rules. If your call is intercepted by an AT&T operator informing you that you have won a First Prize, you must provide the following information to the operator: your name, complete mailing address, home phone number, date of birth and phone number where you can be reached during business hours. If you are an eligible minor, you must also provide the name, complete mailing address and home phone number of your parent or legal guardian. Refusal to provide any requested information will result in automatic disqualification. "Collect Messaging" calls (whereby a caller can leave a message on an answering machine) are not eligible for entry in the sweepstakes. B.) U.S. MAIL: To enter via U.S. Mail without making a 1-800 CALL ATT collect call, during the period 6/17/02 to 7/28/02, hand print on a 3" x 5" piece of paper your name, address, zip code, daytime phone number, age, date of birth (if you are an eligible minor, you must also provide the name, complete mailing address and home phone number of your parent or legal guardian) and the words "1-800 CALL ATT" and mail it to: 1-800 CALL ATT for Collect Calls X Games 2002 Sweepstakes, PO Box 13006, Bridgeport, CT 06637-3060. Mail-in entries must be received by 8/5/02. Mechanically reproduced entries are not permitted. Entries become property of Sponsor. Mail-in entries that are mutilated, illegible, lost, late, misdirected, postage due or incomplete are not eligible. You may enter by mail as often as you wish, however, only one entry per stamped envelope. For 1-800 CALL ATT collect call entrants, the use of automated devices (or any other devices intended to automate any aspect of entry) to place calls is prohibited. If Sponsor, in its sole discretion, determines that an entrant has used a device to automate entry, all entries from that entrant will be void. Sponsor is not responsible for telephonic, human or computer failures, problems or errors, interruptions in service due to system upgrades, repairs, modifications or other causes, re-routing of calls, failures or malfunctions of connections, phones, phonelines or telephone systems, AT&T operator errors, inaudible responses, technical or mechanical malfunctions, or other malfunctions, problems or errors, whether caused by equipment, programming, human error or otherwise. JUDGING: First Prize winners will be randomly selected from among all eligible 1-800 CALL ATT Collect calls accepted and all eligible mailed entries received. All First Prizes not awarded at the conclusion of the promotion period (if any) will be awarded in a second chance drawing from among all eligible mailed entries received that have not already been selected as First Prize winners. To be included in the second chance drawing, follow option B described above. Second chance drawing winners of unclaimed prizes (if any) will be selected on or about 8/6/02. In the event fewer entries for this drawing are received than the number of unawarded prizes available, the balance of those unawarded prizes will not be distributed. Grand Prize winner will be randomly selected on or about 8/6/02 from among all First Prize winners selected and will be notified by telephone on or about 8/6/02 (and subsequently will receive a prize notification letter by overnight shipment). No message will be left on an answering machine. If selected Grand Prize winner is unable to participate in the 1-800 CALL ATT for Collect Calls X Games 2002 Grand Prizes described below for any reason or cannot be reached by telephone within 24 hours of first attempt to notify such winner, Grand Prize winner will be disqualified and an alternate winner will be randomly selected from remaining First Prize winners. Odds of winning a prize will depend on the number of eligible entries received. Placing a 1-800 CALL ATT collect call will not increase your chances of winning. PRIZES/ODDS: If Grand Prize winner selected is between 11 and 18 years of age, winner's parent or legal guardian can select either option A or option B described below. If Grand Prize winner selected is over 18 years of age, only option A will be available to that winner. Only one option will be awarded as prize. (1) Grand Prize: (Option A) 4 days/3 night trip for four (4) to the 2002 Summer X Games (currently scheduled for 8/16/02-8/19/02), consisting of round trip coach air transportation from nearest major airport in the U.S. to winner's residence to Philadelphia, PA (or ground transportation if winner resides within a reasonable driving distance from (site of X Games) as determined by Sponsor), standard double occupancy hotel accommodations, ground transportation (to/from hotel and the airport), one day access to the athlete lounge, tour of the broadcast facility, meet and greet with Dave Mirra and a total of $500 spending money. If the 2002 Summer X Games are canceled or postponed for any reason, Grand Prize trip will be re-scheduled in its entirety. Dave Mirra's appearance is subject to availability. (Approximate Retail Value "ARV" = $16,600 (unless ground transportation is used, in which event ARV will be $12,500)). (Option B) 7 day/6 night trip for two (2) to Camp Woodward in Woodward, PA (attendance to camp is for Grand Prize winner only), consisting of round trip coach air transportation from nearest major airport in the U.S. to winner's residence to (site of camp) (or ground transportation if winner resides within a reasonable driving distance from Camp Woodward as determined by Sponsor), standard double occupancy hotel accommodations (for traveling companion), ground transportation (to/from hotel and the airport), one (1) week stay at the camp for the Grand Prize winner only and a total of $500 spending money. (ARV= $10,000 (unless ground transportation is used, in which event ARV will be $8,900)). Expenses not specifically stated herein are winner's sole responsibility. Winner and guest(s) must travel on same itinerary and on dates specified by Sponsor or prize will be forfeited in its entirety and an alternate Grand Prize winner will be selected from amongst remaining First Prize winners. (2,100) First Prizes: Call ATT/X Games T-Shirt (ARV: $5). The value of all prizes may be taxable income. Insurance and all applicable federal, state and local taxes are the sole responsibility of winner. No transfer, cash redemption or substitution of prizes by winners (unless approved in writing by Sponsor) except that Sponsor may substitute prize with a prize of comparable or greater value. Total ARV of all prizes = $27,600.

MISCELLANEOUS: Prizes won by eligible minors (if any) will be awarded in name of the minor's parent or legal guardian. However, if an eligible minor is selected as the Grand Prize winner, minor must attend the Grand Prize trip selected and be accompanied by his/her parent or legal guardian. Grand Prize winner (if minor, his/her parent or legal guardian) must sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility, Liability Release and (where legal) Publicity Release and return the completed documents in the pre-paid overnight envelope provided within 2 working days of issuance of notification. Winner's traveling companions (if any is a minor, his/her parent/legal guardian) must also sign and return a Liability Release and (where legal) Publicity Release prior to issuance of travel documents. Failure to comply with these requirements will result in prize being forfeited and an alternate winner being selected. By entering, participants (if minor, their parent/legal guardian) agree to these Official Rules and to the decisions of the judges which shall be final and binding in all respects and further agree that 1.) Sponsor, ESPN, The Familie, and their respective parents, subsidiaries and affiliates and advertising and promotion agencies may use (unless prohibited by law) their name, city and state of residence, photograph and/or likeness for advertising and/or trade and/or any other purpose in any media now or hereafter known without further compensation, permission or notification and 2.) that the aforestated parties, Project Support Team, Inc., and all of their respective officers, directors, employees, representatives and agents shall have no liability and will be held harmless for any liability, loss, injury or damage to participant or any other person or entity, including personal injury or death to entrant or any other person or damage to personal or real property due in whole or in part, directly or indirectly, by reason of the acceptance, possession, use or misuse of any prize that may be won and any travel or activity related thereto or participation in this sweepstakes. Sponsor reserves the right, in its sole discretion to void suspect entries and/or cancel, terminate or suspend any portion of this sweepstakes should virus, bugs, non-authorized human intervention or other causes beyond the control of Sponsor corrupt or impair the administration, security, fairness or proper play of the sweepstakes and, in any such event, at its discretion select winner from eligible non-suspect entries received.

WINNERS LIST: For the name of the Grand Prize winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: 1-800 CALL ATT 2002 X Games Winners, PO Box 13106, Bridgeport, CT 06673-3106. All requests must be received by 8/30/02.
RULES: To hear the Official Rules call (800) 833-1928 by 7/28/02. For a copy of the Official Rules send a self-addressed, stamped envelope by 8/30/02 to: 1-800-CALL ATT 2002 X Games Rules, PO Box 13106, Bridgeport, CT 06673-3106.

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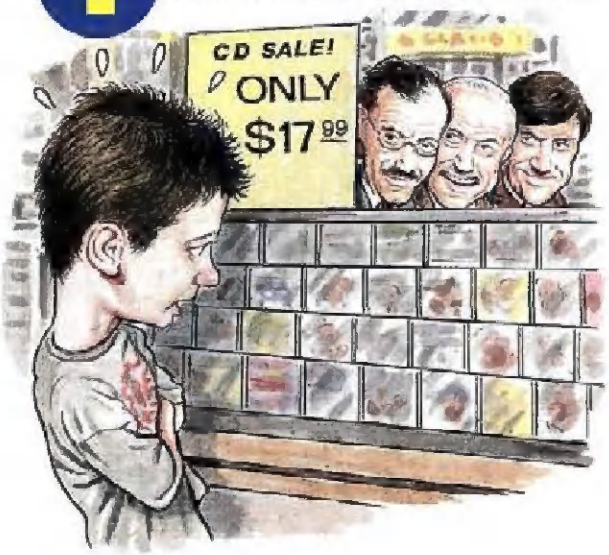
MAD's 50 WORST THINGS ABOUT... MUSIC

From the horrifying, five octave, eardrum-splitting screech of Mariah Carey to the horrifying, mind-numbing, morosely monotone drone of Enya to the horrifying, intensely unpleasant pounding and pontificating of Creed, today's music scene offers a wide variety of sounds and stars to disturb, alienate and incense everyone. But who and what are the industry's absolute biggest offenders? We're sure you have your list, and we not-so-humbly invite you to compare it with our own...

1 Record companies that charge $18 for a CD that costs them 75 cents to make...



...then go to Congress and complain that Napster is stealing.

2 Every single installment of VH1's *Behind The Music*, which has only two possible endings:

A. The subject's back in the biz and on the verge of making a huge comeback with their new internet-only album, even though they've sold only five records since 1976 and this is the first camera crew that's paid attention to them since the Shah ruled Iran.

B. They were just about to make a huge comeback, except whoops, they dropped dead.

3 The lingering memory of those Britney Spears –Justin Timberlake "held at third base" virginity updates, as if they were the breeding pandas at the Washington National Zoo.

4 New Age slop like Enya that would make a unicorn throw up its moonbeams.

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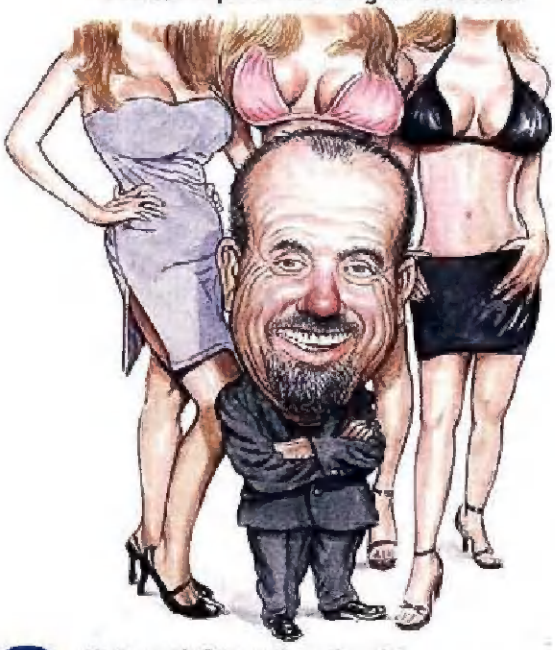
5 Just because a little fidget like Billy Joel took piano lessons 45 years ago, he now gets to clamber up a non-stop parade of fresh supermodels, like a monkey climbing a forest of palm trees to grab coconuts.



6 One-hit wonders. A three-way tie:
When Eagle-Eye Cherry leaves uneven streaks on your car.
When Shawn Mullins messes up your Happy Meal order.
When Sixpence None the Richer gets into a nasty bottle fight with Ma$e over that last slice of roast rat.

7 Destiny's Child's constant "religious" yapping. We've been through the New Testament forwards and backwards, and not once does it mention Jesus Christ's rooting for them to win a Grammy.

We give all praise to Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior! We are just the voice for the Almighty's song! It was also His divine grace that forced the penny-pinching bastards at Columbia to sweeten their cheap-ass Eurasian distribution deal! Thank you, Jesus!

8 Sir Paul McCartney's god-awful caterwauling of "FREEDOM! FREEDOM! FREEDOM!" Those lyrics make "100 Bottles Of Beer On The Wall" sound deep.

9 Despite what Alanis or Jewel would desperately like you to believe, horrible 7th grade poetry doesn't get any better when it's sung by Alanis or Jewel.

10 William Shatner's strained efforts, a mere 30 years too late, to convince the world that he was always "in" on the joke.

11 Phase One of commercial radio's master plan — to play the same eight crappy songs over and over until no one can stand it — is complete. Phase Two — to make desperate chumps pay for the "miracle" of satellite radio — is officially underway.

12 The disturbing conclusion that if singers like Mandy Moore, Eminem and Britney Spears keep "acting" in movies while stars like Russell Crowe, Kevin Bacon and Bruce Willis keep touring with their lousy bar bands, an entertainment-starved America will be forced to make their own shadow animals on the walls.

13 Watching poor 91-year-old Dick Clark have to pretend to give half a crap about Ludacris, Shaggy or Alien Ant Farm.

So, Shaggy! Er, the kids love your music! Yep, that's what they tell me! Soooo, Shaggy, Shaggy! You're not so shaggy in person! Aw, for the love of pete, can somebody feed me a clue here?

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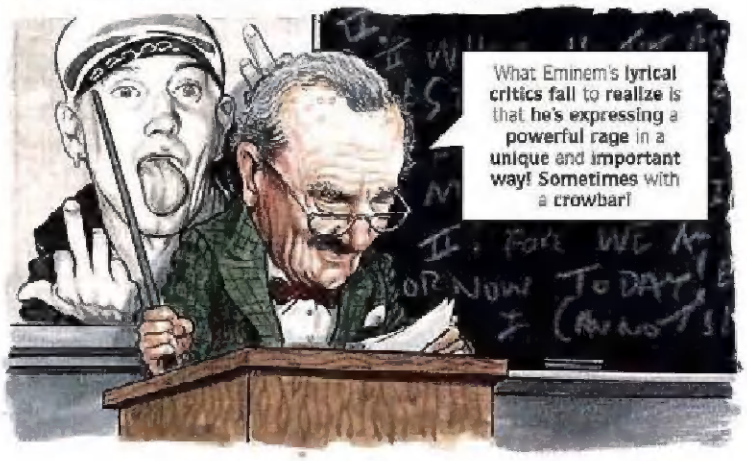
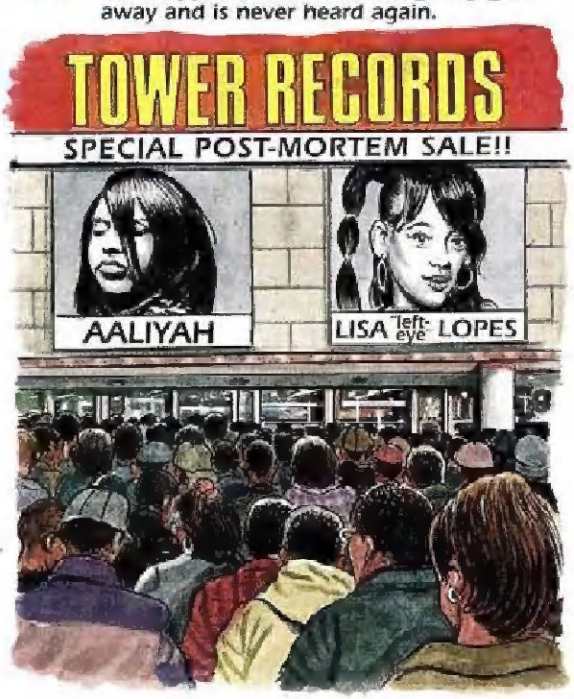
MAD's 50 WORST THINGS ABOUT... MUSIC

15 Lamebrain apologists who explain that hateful, misogynist lyrics are simply an extension of America's long tradition of protest music. Somehow we missed the folk song where Peter and Paul sang about chopping up Mary.


What Eminem's lyrical critics fail to realize is that he's expressing a powerful rage in a unique and important way! Sometimes with a crowbar!

16 20-year-old Alicia Keys telling the world about her lifelong struggle to realize her artistic vision. Alicia's keeping it real, all right. Real whiny.

17 Fools who stampede to the record store as soon as they hear about a singer dying, because everyone knows that whenever that happens, their music magically goes away and is never heard again.



18 'N Sync's Lance Bass wanting to be the next civilian to blast into outer space on a Russian rocket. Is there a better way to start an intergalactic conflict with angry alien warriors than sending them 'N Sync?

19 Those legendary 4-and-a-half-hour Springsteen concerts aren't such a bargain when you realize that 3 hours of it is Bruce's inane between-songs chatter.

Yuh know, I can remember goin' down to the shore to buy me a chili dog! Couldn' afford no steak 'cause my boss, Mr. Mann, he told me, "Son, times is rough!" Funny thing 'bout times! They're never smooth, leastways not on this side o' the tracks! But when I hit that open road, I could feel the weariness flyin' offa me at 'bout 75 miles per hour! But there's one thing a man can't speed away from, and that's his dreams and his fears! Now that's two things, but sometimes they get all balled up into one great big thing! Which reminds me of my 8th birthday...

20 Rock The Vote. Now there's a brilliant idea. Let's take a bunch of clueless dorks who think our President is the band that did "Machinehead" and "Glycerine," herd them into the voting booth like the mooing mammals they are, and see how much damage they can cause.

14 Kooky diva Mariah Carey receiving a $49 million buyout to tear up her contract with Virgin after the multimedia *Glitter* bomb. That works out to:

- $75,000 per unnecessary syllable, during her caterwauling shriekfests.
- $900,000 for every time Ms. Carey's "people" robotically repeated the diagnosis of "nervous exhaustion."
- $1.6 million for every time Mariah said the phrase, "I love you guys" to her fans during her 2001 "I'm Not Crazy" damage control tour.
- $9 million for each customer who came back to see *Glitter* a second time.

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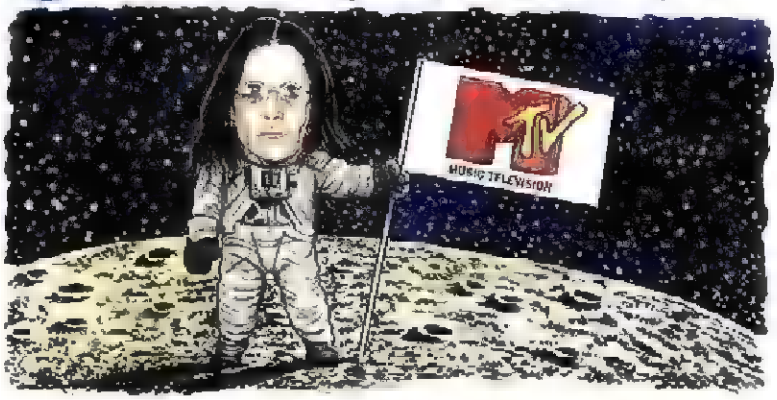
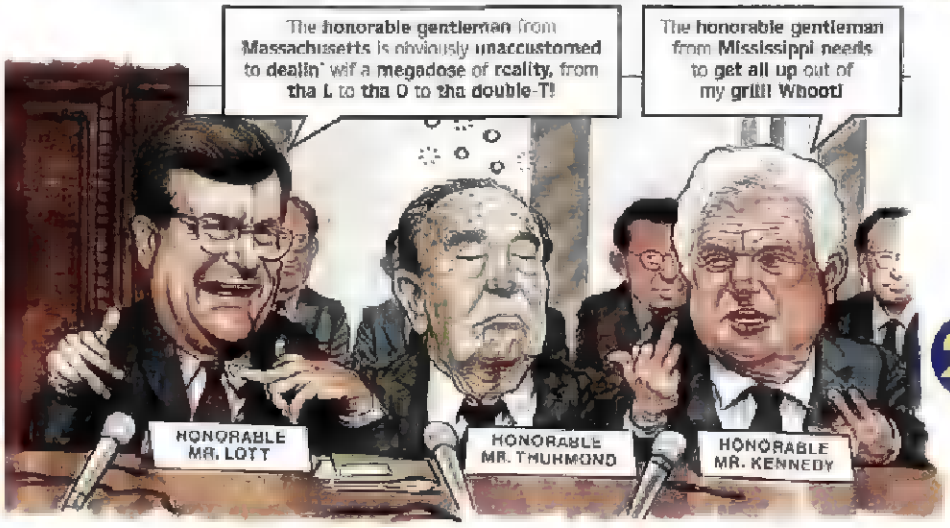
21 MTV's sudden love affair with Ozzy Osbourne. Hey, if they thought he was so great, how come they played maybe two of his songs during the last 20 freakin' years?



22 Rock festivals that promote environmental awareness, then leave the concert grounds a smoking, trash-strewn field of non-recyclable refuse.

23 Pointless Washington D.C. hearings on music that just so happen to occur every election year. That way, Senators can dupe their voters into thinking that they're "doing something about" Rap. (Although it's always classic comedy to watch dumb old white guys trying to discuss the Constitutionality of shizzling one's nizzle.)


The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts is obviously unaccustomed to dealin' wif a megadose of reality, from tha L to tha O to tha double-T!
The honorable gentleman from Mississippi needs to get all up out of my grill! Whoot!
HONORABLE MR. LOTT
HONORABLE MR. THURMOND
HONORABLE MR. KENNEDY

24 The fact that there's no legal way to prevent Lil' Bow Wow from becoming eligible for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in the spring of 2025.

25 Ticket scalpers who apparently possess complete access to the operating code for the time-space continuum.

26 Completely unnecessary box sets by easily ignored bands filled with "rare" live performances, alternate takes and acoustic versions of songs their own mothers can't even hum.

27 Motown reunion tours which keep going, going, going long after all the original members are long since dead, dead, dead.

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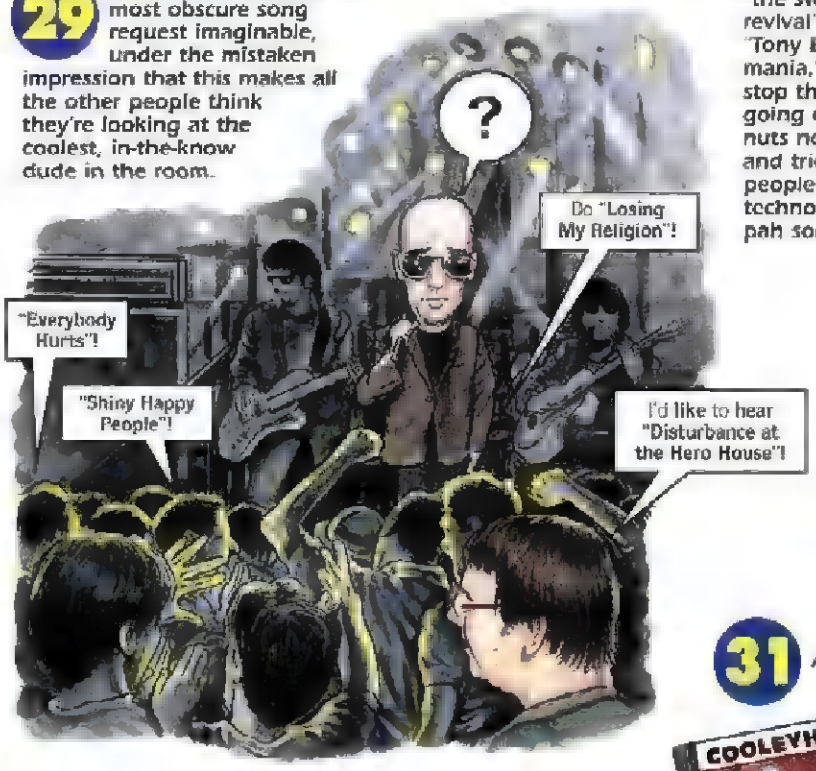
MAD's 50 WORST THINGS ABOUT... MUSIC

29 Fans who shout out the most obscure song request imaginable, under the mistaken impression that this makes all the other people think they're looking at the coolest, in-the-know dude in the room.



28 Music magazines desperate for a fresh angle. After rooking gullible readers into swallowing nonexistent trends such as "the year of the woman," "the Latin explosion," "the swing revival" and "Tony Bennett-mania," what's to stop them from going completely nuts next year and tricking people into "the techno oom pah pah sound"?

30 Taking the "six degrees of separation" theory and applying it to the world of rock and roll groupies, that means that Elvis Presley had sex with Notorious B.I.G.

31 Annoyingalbumtitleswiththewordsallsmooshedtogether

32 Somewhere, at this very moment, a future Mrs. Rod Stewart is being born.

33 The Hard Rock Cafe. It's tough enough enjoying their stinko $11 hockey puck hamburgers without having to force 'em down while staring right at Meat Loaf's sweat-stained stage slacks.

34 Celine Dion's $100 million Las Vegas deal, which she claims lets her spend time with her family and her fans. Hmm, let's break this puppy down. Losers who've just blown their life savings on a hard 8 get to be consoled in their lowest moment by Celine's cacophonous caterwaulings. That new "miracle baby" of hers gets to grow up in a world of grifters, Mafia goons and hagged-out strippers. And Celine's husband gets to recuperate from heart problems by eating at the casino's 24-hour fried-fat BBQ spread. Looks like everybody's a winner!

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35 Live acts who just prance around while lip-synching to their prerecorded DAT tapes, so that you've just paid $35 to listen to the exact CD you already have.

36 Live acts who make it obvious just how badly they needed extensive studio tweaking, tape splicing, and major digital enhancement, so that you've just paid $35 to listen to ghastly "rough-edged" performances that sound nothing like the CD you already have (and once liked).

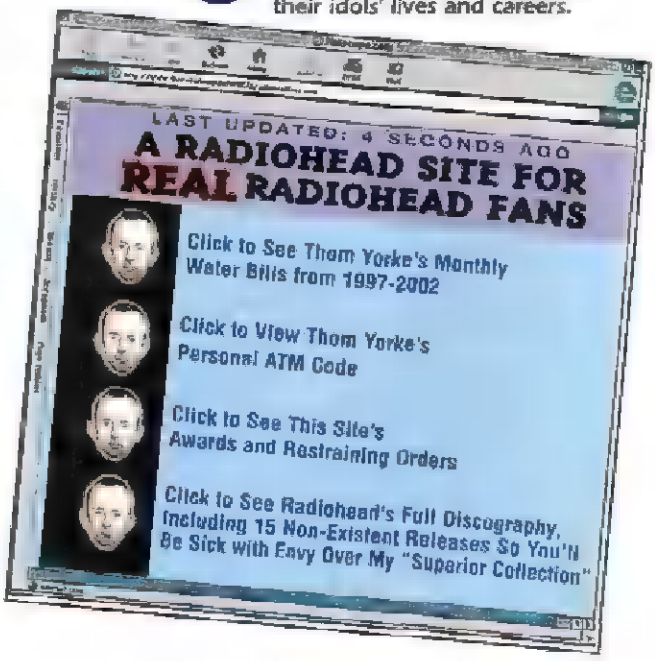
37 Live acts who encourage audience participation with endless "let me hear you!" chorus singalongs, so that you've just paid $35 to listen to the drunk sweathog bellowing in the seat right behind you.

38 Today, as in the 1960s, Bob Dylan remains the voice of his generation: creaky, abrasive and increasingly hard to understand.

39 It's looking like there won't be a single well-loved song of the past that won't end up being whored out for some cheesy ad campaign. Now it's only a matter of time until everyone under the age of 35 thinks The Rolling Stones was the band who wrote songs for a condom company.

40 Unimaginative rap videos that try to make you forget how terrible the song is by using mobs of almost-naked bimbos doing splits and being hosed down. Do they think we're so horny we'll put up with anything? Join us in sending an important message by turning this cynical crap OFF! Uh, right after the part where that babe bends over the diving board... shhh, here it comes...

41 Obsessive websites by crazed fans that chart the smallest minute-by-minute details about their idols' lives and careers.


LAST UPDATED: 4 SECONDS AGO
A RADIOHEAD SITE FOR REAL RADIOHEAD FANS
Click to See Thom Yorke's Monthly Water Bills from 1997-2002
Click to View Thom Yorke's Personal ATM Code
Click to See This Site's Awards and Restraining Orders
Click to See Radiohead's Full Discography, Including 15 Non-Existent Releases So You'll Be Sick with Envy Over My "Superior Collection"

42 The real nightmare of human cloning is that we could end up with 400,000 simpering self-pitying lite-grunge bands ripping off Pearl Jam, instead of just the 100 we have now.

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MAD's 50 WORST THINGS ABOUT... MUSIC

43 Movies that cram three songs in a row over the end credits, for no reason in the world except so they can legally include them on the CD soundtrack as "songs from..."

44 Those mobs of yammering teenagers who spend an entire day blocking the streets so they can keep their spot for staring up at the TRL window. It makes New Yorkers nostalgic for the time when the only high-pitched screaming heard in Times Square came from tourists being mugged.

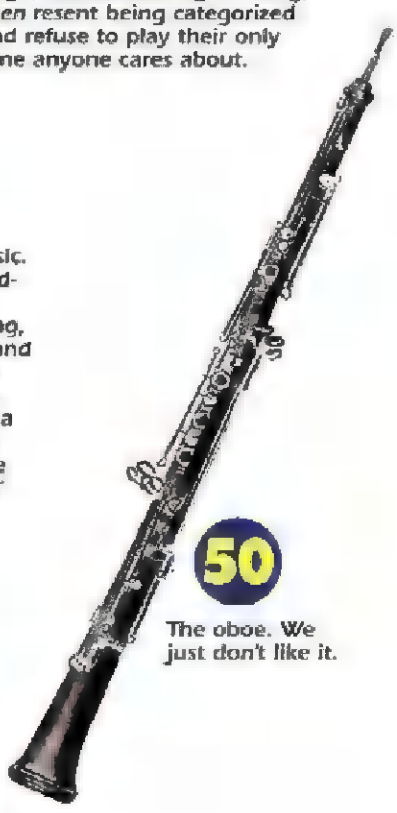
45 VH1's mule-headed insistence on producing an annual "Diva" concert from an ever-shrinking talent pool will lead to the cultural "diva-lution" of the show.

46 Conspiracy theorists always play heavy metal records backwards for Satanic messages, but never the music of Barney or Mr. Rogers, to see what instructions they've been sending for years and years to an impressionable army of five-year-olds.

47 Bands who struggle for years to get noticed, catch lightning in a bottle and get that huge, career-breaking hit song, then resent being categorized and refuse to play their only tune anyone cares about.

48 The way Sting cares more about the living conditions of some tree slug in the rain forest than he does the other two guys from the Police, who haven't worked since he dumped them in 1983.

49 Gospel music. If the soundtrack for Heaven is wall-to-wall stomping, clapping, howling and repeating the same phrase like "oh yes, He is" 128 times in a row, please put our names down on the "eternal damnation" signup sheet.



50 The oboe. We just don't like it.

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TALES FROM the DUCK SIDE

LAST BANGO IN PARIS

CLAIRE, here we are in PARIS, the most ROMANTIC CITY in the WORLD! I think TONIGHT should be the night that we CONSUMMATE our LOVE.
YES, my darling, OH,YES! Just PROMISE me that you'll WEAR PROTECTION!
Oh yes, YES, YES!
BWAM!
If I wind up PREGNANT, buster, I'LL KILL YOU!
3135
But Claire, be REASONABLE!
It was DARK! How was I supposed to know the CONDOM was made by FIRESTONE!
SLAM
BAM!

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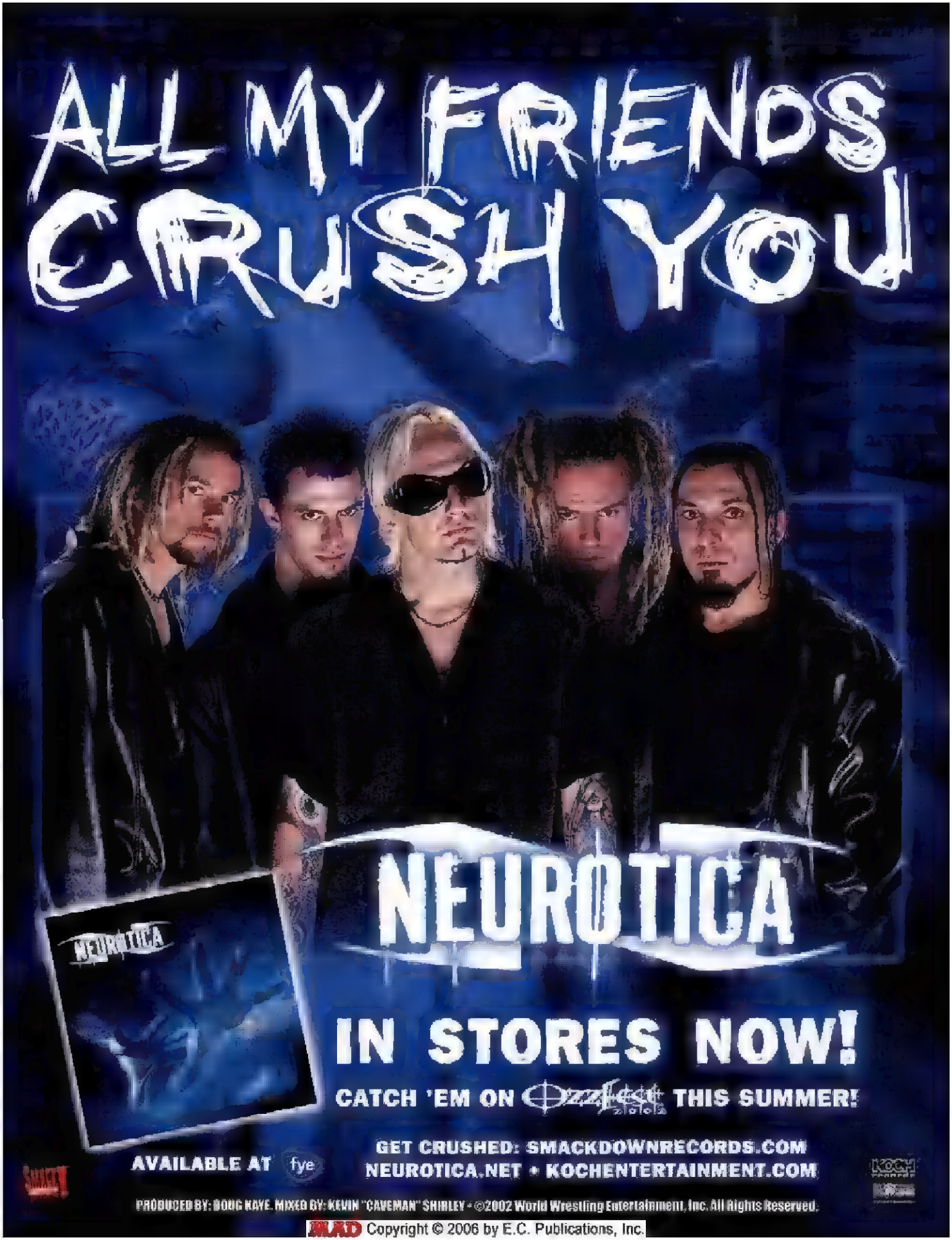
ALL MY FRIENDS
CRUSH YOU
NEUROTICA
IN STORES NOW!
CATCH 'EM ON Ozzfest THIS SUMMER!
AVAILABLE AT fye
GET CRUSHED: SMACKDOWNRECORDS.COM
NEUROTICA.NET • KOCHENTERTAINMENT.COM
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2. SELECTION OF WINNERS: Winners will be determined on or about October 15, 2002 from among all eligible entries received. Drawing will be conducted by Warner Bros. Online whose decisions are final. Odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries received. Winners will be notified by mail and prizes will be sent by November 4, 2002, and prize will be sent to the address given on the entry form. If prize is returned as undeliverable or if any winner is in the status of a potential moral questions. Winners agree to use of winners' name, hometown & likeness [illegible] prize information for purposes of advertising, promotion and publicity in any medium now or hereafter known without compensation to the extent permitted by law, any such use with respect to minors to be subject to prior approval of parent or legal guardian. If any prize notification letter or any prize is returned as undeliverable or cannot be awarded to [illegible] winner for any reason, the prize will be awarded to an alternate winner in a random drawing. Sponsor reserves the right to modify notification procedures in connection with the selection of alternate winners, if any.

3. PRIZES AND APPROXIMATE RETAIL VALUES ("ARV"): Fifty (50) Grand Prizes: A MAD Magazine 50th Anniversary Prize Pack. Prize Packs include the following: MAD Toilet Paper (ARV: $4.99); An Autographed Copy of "MAD's 50 Worst Things About Music" (ARV: $3.50); MAD T-Shirt by Thunder Creek (ARV: $25); MAD Noumalisms Ultimate Collector's Package (ARV: $34.95); and Music CD's provided by AOL Music ($17.98). Total ARV of all Prizes: $3,571. [illegible] winners per household (one prize per household). Sponsor reserves the right to substitute prize of equal or greater retail value. No [illegible] prohibited or limited or cash equivalent of prize permitted. All taxes, fees and expenses not specified herein are the sole responsibility of prize winners. Sponsor and Prize Provider(s) are not responsible for prize quality, condition or otherwise. All prizes are guaranteed to be awarded.

4. ELIGIBILITY: Sweepstakes open to individual legal residents of the 50 Continental United States and the District of Columbia, who are 13 years of age or older as of June 20, 2002. Sweepstakes void where prohibited or restricted by law. Subject to applicable federal, state and local laws and regulations. Employees, officers, directors and agents of E.C. Publications, Inc., AOL Time Warner, its subsidiaries, Venture Associates, Inc., participating [illegible] and Prize Providers, and each of their respective parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates, judges, agents and advertising, production and promotion agencies, and members of their immediate families or household are ineligible.

5. MISCELLANEOUS: This Sweepstakes will be governed by the internal laws of the State of New York, [illegible] legal actions or claims arising in connection with this Sweepstakes must be [illegible] in court of competent jurisdiction within the United States. By participating in this Sweepstakes, each entrant accepts the unanimous rulings of these Official Rules, agrees to be bound by the decisions of the Sponsor and judges, warrants that s/he is eligible to participate in this Sweepstakes, and agrees to release E.C. Publications, Inc., and its subsidiaries and Prize Providers and each of their respective parent companies, affiliates, agencies and affiliates, and their respective employees, officers, directors and agents from any and all liability, loss or damages arising in connection with participation in this Sweepstakes including, but not limited to, the awarding, [illegible] and/or use or misuse of prize, or participation in any prize-related activities. Void wherever prohibited by law.

6. CAUTION: ANY ATTEMPT BY AN ENTRANT TO DELIBERATELY DAMAGE [illegible] SITE OR UNDERMINE THE LEGITIMATE OPERATIONS OF THE SWEEPSTAKES IS A VIOLATION OF CRIMINAL AND CIVIL LAWS AND SHOULD SUCH AN ATTEMPT BE MADE, THE SPONSOR RESERVES THE RIGHT TO SEEK DAMAGES [illegible] SUCH ENTRANT [illegible] PUBLICITY [illegible] SUBMITTED BY [illegible].

7. WINNERS LIST: To obtain a copy of the winners list, available after November 1, 2002 send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: E.C. Publications "MAD Magazine" Sweepstakes Winners List, 1700 Broadway, NYC, NY 10019. Requests must be received by November 4, 2002. Winners list will be sent after selection and verification of winners. DO NOT SEND ANY OTHER CORRESPONDENCE TO THIS BOX NUMBER.

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ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPT.

IN OUR LAST EPISODE...
HEY, WE WON A TRIP TO THE HAPPIEST PLACE ON EARTH!
THE AIRPORT STRIP CLUB?
THE TANQUERAY GIN FACTORY?
CRAIG'S DISCOUNT COLONICS?
WHY DO I EVEN BOTHER?

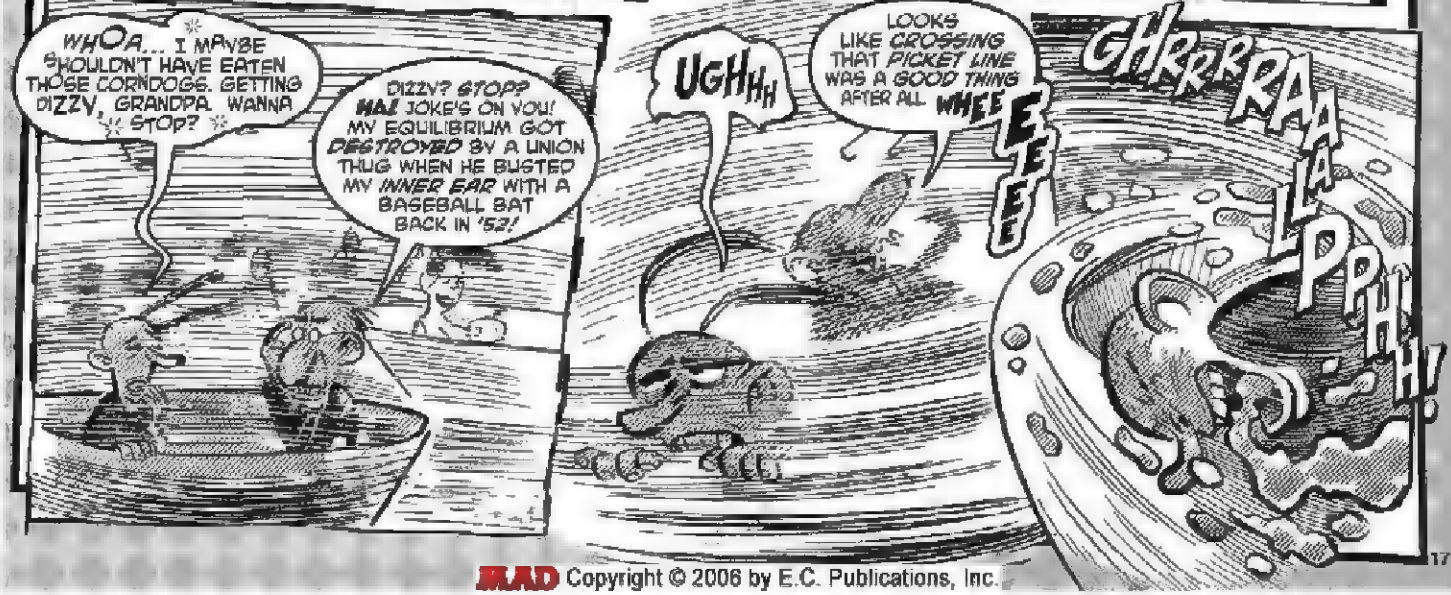
Bring some comfortable shoes so you can flee in terror. It's...

MONROE and... DISNEY WORLD

PART TWO

ARTIST: BILL WRAY
WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

COOL! PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN. LET'S HIT IT!
PIRATES? BEEN THERE, DONE THAT. ALL THEY WANT IS YOUR WEED AND YOUR WOMEN. BUT GOD, DO I MISS MY SMUGGLING DAYS! CIGARETTES. BOOZE. PORN. I HAD IT ALL... AT UNBEATABLE PRICES!!
IT'S HOW YOUR FATHER PAID HIS WAY THROUGH TRADE SCHOOL.
WHAT ELSE THEY GOT?
HOW ABOUT THE SPINNING TEA CUPS RIDE?
SPINNING TEA CUPS? I'M TELLING YOU, WE GOTTA GET THIS KID INTO SPORTS OR SOMETHING, BUT QUICK.
I'D LIKE SOME TEA!


WHOA... I MAYBE SHOULDN'T HAVE EATEN THOSE CORNDOGS. GETTING DIZZY, GRANDPA. WANNA STOP?
DIZZY? STOP? HA! JOKE'S ON YOU! MY EQUILIBRIUM GOT DESTROYED BY A UNION THUG WHEN HE BUSTED MY INNER EAR WITH A BASEBALL BAT BACK IN '52!
UGHHH
LOOKS LIKE CROSSING THAT PICKET LINE WAS A GOOD THING AFTER ALL
WHEEEEEE
GHRRRRAAAA LAPPPHH!

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Monroe

I NEED A NEW SHIRT.
TWENTY-EIGHT BUCKS?! FORGET IT.
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT THIS MESS?
COME WITH ME.
THAT'S RIGHT, BOY. GET IN THERE CLOSE WITH THEM. GO AHEAD AND RUB AGAINST THEIR SOFT ABSORBENT FUR.
THIS KID IS DISGUSTING!
SORRY ABOUT THIS.
INDUBITABLY!
I HEARD THEY GOT OLD WALT'S BODY FROZEN IN CINDERELLA'S CASTLE'S BASEMENT.
COOL!
I WISH SOMEONE WOULD FREEZE MY BODY.
WHEN WE MOVE YOU OUT TO SPEND THIS WINTER IN THE TREE HOUSE, REMEMBER YOU SAID THAT!
I'M A WITNESS!
THIS PLACE IS AMAZING. IT SAYS HERE THEY'VE GOT A WHOLE CITY UNDERGROUND!
UNDERGROUND! IMAGINE... NEVER HAVING TO STAGGER OUT OF A BAR AND GETTING SLAPPED BY THE NAKED LIGHT OF THE MORNING SUN.
IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE A WONDERFUL Dream!
TRAPPERS LIKE THE ONES YOU SEE HERE WOULD TRADE THE PELTS OF THE ANIMALS THEY CAUGHT!
HEY, DAVY CROCKETT! I'LL TRADE YOU THAT FOX YOU GOT THERE FOR THIS WATER BUFFALO!
KEEP IT UP, MISTER, AND THAT FOX ISN'T GOING TO BE THE ONLY THING AROUND HERE THAT GETS SKINNED!
COME ON, BUDDY. SHE'S GOT ENOUGH MEAT ON HER HINDQUARTERS TO LAST YOU THE WHOLE DAMN WINTER!
AND THAT'S THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
MORE LIKE "GREAT TROUBLEMAKER"! BECAUSE OF HIM, I CAN'T CARRY MY GUN INSIDE A DAMN THEATER ANYMORE!
WACK!!
GRANDPA!!

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LOOK, GRANDPA, WALT DISNEY IS A HUNDRED THIS YEAR.
A HUNDRED? BIG WHOOP! I GOT ASS WARTS THAT ARE A HUNDRED!
HAPPY 100
MAYBE WILLARD SCOTT WILL WISH THEM HAPPY BIRTHDAY.
WILLARD SCOTT IS A WHORE!
YOU'RE A REGULAR RAY OF Florida Sunshine, GRANDPA.
DAD! GRANDPA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THIS IS MICKEY'S HOUSE!
WE HAD TO GO. BESIDES, VERMIN HAVE BEEN LEAVING THEIR DROPPINGS AT OUR HOUSE FOR YEARS.
YEAH! IT'S PAYBACK TIME!
THAT'S DISGUSTING! NO MATTER HOW MUCH THEY TORTURE ME I'LL SWEAR I'M NOT WITH YOU!
IT'S NOT THAT I'M ASHAMED OF YOU GUYS, BUT MAYBE I SHOULD GO OFF BY MYSELF FOR A WHILE.
NONSENSE, THIS IS A FAMILY PLACE.
THEN CAN I MAYBE SWAP FAMILIES? THOSE ASIANS OVER THERE LOOK NICE.
LOOKIT ME, I'M LEE HARVEY OSWALD!
MONROE, GET IN THERE AND BE THE SECOND GUNMAN!
I WISH SOMEONE WOULD JUST SHOOT ME NOW!
HOW COME NOBODY'S THROWING ME ANY BEADS?
WELL, FOR ONE THING IT'S NOT MARDI GRAS.
AND?
AND IF IT WAS, I THINK THEY'D BE TOO TRAUMATIZED TO MOVE!
YUCK IT UP, SHECKY!
HEH, I'M GONNA GET A SODA.

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MONROE

CAN'T YOU READ, BOY?! NOBODY CUTS ACROSS THE MAIN STREET ELECTRICAL PARADE!
NO CROSS
BUT-- BUT--
THAT'S HIM, OFFICER. THE ONE WHO DEFOULED US.
QUITE RIGHT.
THAT'S IT! THIS WAY, PUNK!
I ALWAYS KNEW HE'D GO BAD.
WAIT, THESE GUYS CAN TORMENT THE ELECTRIC PRESIDENTS AND PLUCK AN ANIMATRONIC TIKI BIRD AND I'M THE ONE GETTING CARTED OFF?
SAVE IT!
WOOP-WOOP!
DISNEY POLICE
SORRY TO DO THIS FOLKS, BUT SOMETIMES THE LITTLE ONES NEED TO LEARN A LESSON.
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!
HE'S RIGHT. MAYBE DONALD DUCK CAN SCARE YOU STRAIGHT.
BESIDES, WE'LL BE BACK FOR YOU IN A DAY OR SO.
THREE SQUARES AND MY OWN COT. IN MY DAY, I'D KILL FOR THAT!
WHAT?!
WE'RE GONNA TAKE A QUICK SPIN DOWN TO THE KEYS. YOU SIT TIGHT AND WE'LL PICK YOU UP ON THE WAY BACK HOME.
YOU KNOW WHAT? FINE! I COULD USE THE BREAK!
SORRY, KID. WE GOT A FULL HOUSE COMING IN. GONNA HAVE TO COME WITH ME.
THE HAPPIEST JAIL ON EARTH!
BILL GRAY
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE NEED TO FREE UP SOME SPACE, SO YOU'RE BEING TRANSFERRED TO THE OKEECHOBEE BOYS CORRECTIONAL FARM.
THIS IS A MISTAKE!
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, BOY. YOU'LL GET YOURSELF A NICE TAN AND LEARN HOW TO MAKE A SHIV.
LILO STITCH
NOOOOOOO
DISNE
LILO AND STIT
NEXT EPISODE....MONROE AND THE BIG HOUSE!

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Spells punishing: 26,875

Tournaments underway: 882

Creatures attacking: 49,438

Prizes on the line: 5,000

1

Deadly strategies: Unlimited

2

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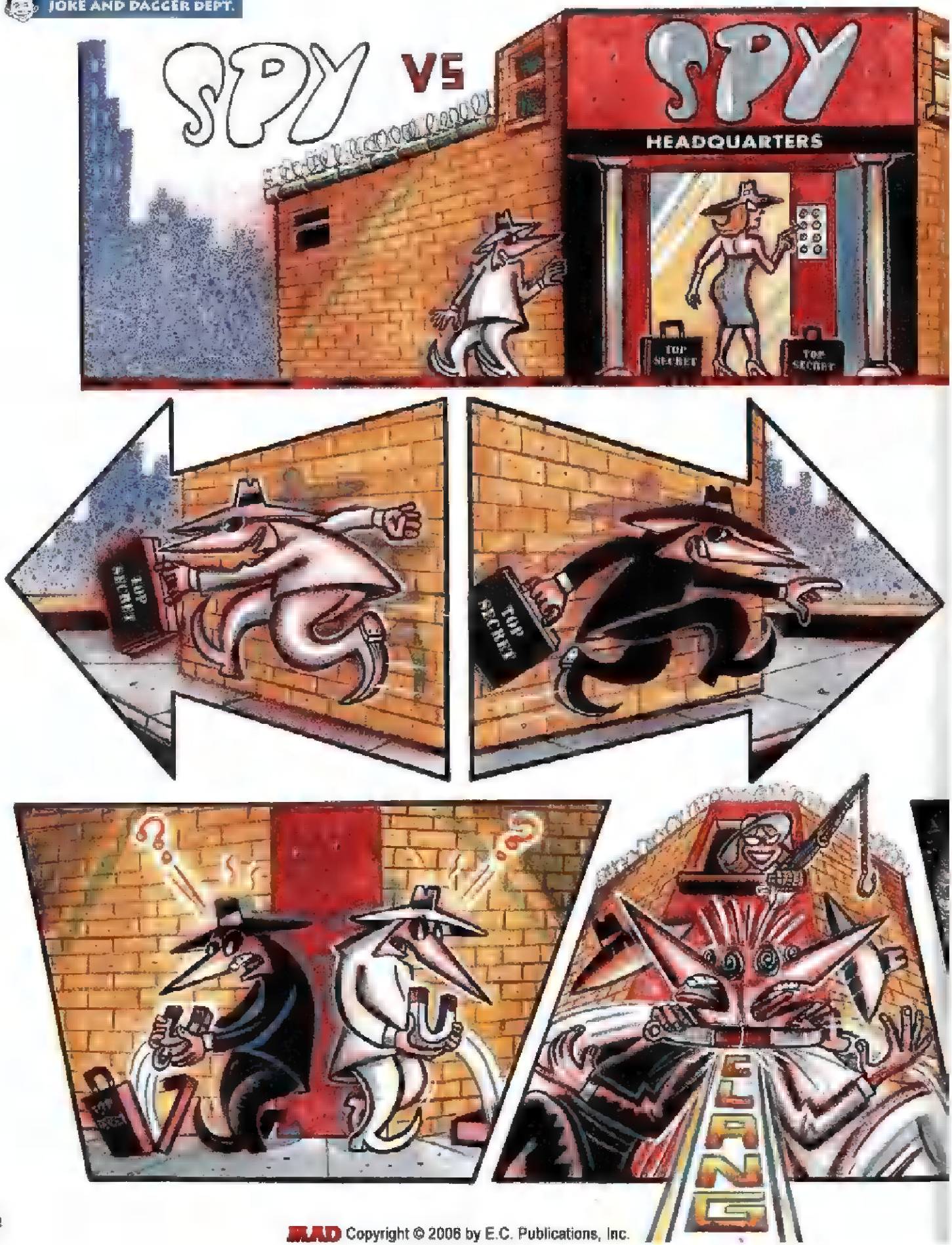

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ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

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THE EVERLASTING, RIDICULOUS IMPACTS OF WHO TO BE A

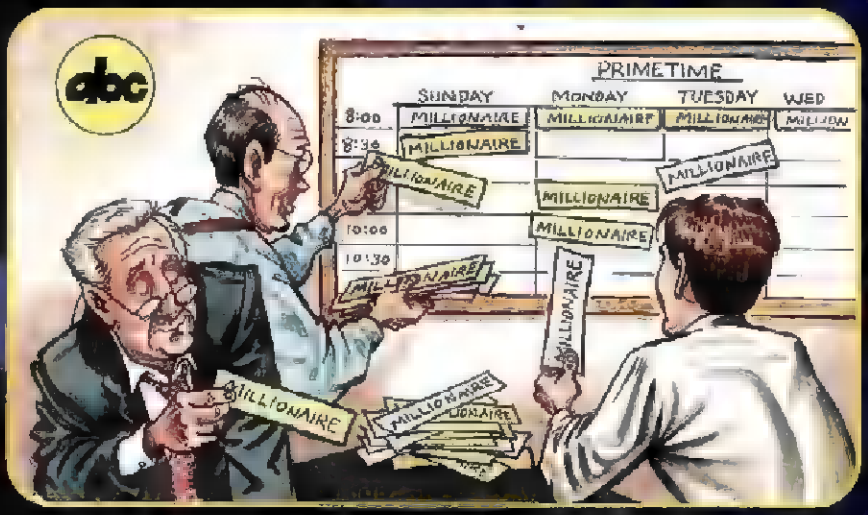
THE REGIS LINK DEPT.

Recently ABC announced that they will not renew *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire* for the upcoming TV season. The once powerful nighttime game show has fallen on hard times, losing half of its audience and now mainly attracting aging viewers who have fond

Many political experts now believe that thousands of near-senile viewers got so used to *Millionaire's* "vote A, B, C, or D" formula that their confusion led directly to the Florida 2000 election fiasco.

Millions of viewers, seeing so very few black people on screen, were tricked into thinking they were watching either Hockey Night on ESPN or C-SPAN's Senate coverage.

The entire nation has been comforted by the knowledge that even in this time of international crisis, the United States continues to lead the world in knowing stupid crap.



The red-faced embarrassment the show's producers felt when they realized *Millionaire's* very odd TV schedule...9 p.m. on Sundays, Wednesdays, Mondays, Thursdays, Tuesdays, or maybe Fridays...er, occasionally, it might be at 8 p.m., except sometimes ABC skips it — and that's not counting the weird 30-minute or 90-minute episodes — was infinitely tougher for viewers to figure out than any of the show's dodo-brained questions.

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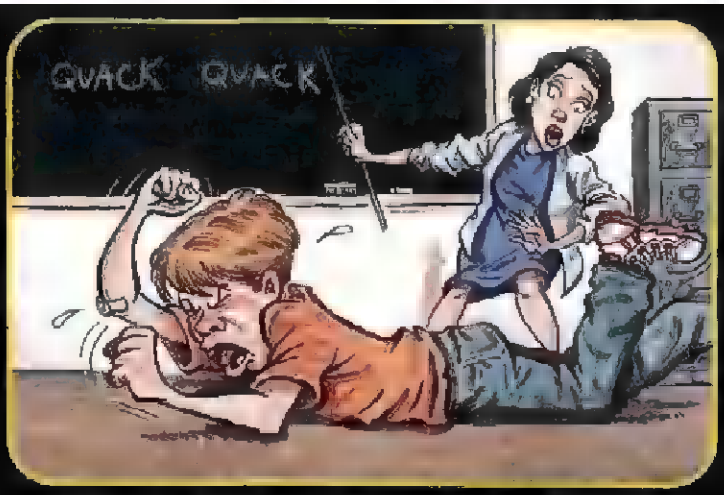
personal memories of the Hoover administration! While we've always found the show repetitive, slow-paced, manipulative and repetitive, its life-changing effects on television and the American public can't be denied. So we won't deny it! Instead, we'll make fun of it in...

WANTS MILLIONAIRE

ARTIST: RAY ALMA WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN



Countless first graders across the country have gone ballistic when they didn't pick up an $8,000 check for answering a mind-boggling stumper like, "What animal says 'quack quack quack'?"

Up in Connecticut, the throbbing knot of jealousy in the pit of Kathie Lee's stomach is now three times larger than Cody's biggest-ever poopy!

Yes, that's right, Regis. I co-own the 8th-largest collection of barber shop quartet sheet music in all of Oregon!
Good for you! Good for you! Good for you! There! I just made another $22,000 in salary!
KA-CHING $$

Meaningless TV "small" talk has been replaced with meaningless TV "infinitesimally-undetectable-by-the-most-powerful-electron-microscope-on-Earth" talk.

Rather than slave away for years to create a better, more advanced world, many research scientists are quitting their jobs after realizing that they'll never take home as much cash as some unemployed geek does for guessing, with a 50/50 choice, the dog's name on *Frasier*.

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THE EVERLASTING RIDICULOUS IMPACTS OF WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE

Jeopardy! contestants who go home with "only" $27,800 are now laughed at as the total losers they are.

Hearing the number of ways Regis Philbin is capable of mispronouncing "Aaliyah" or "Ichiro Suzuki" has sent viewers into a lingering funk, wondering about the magnitude of the screw-ups they're editing out.

Millions of brain-dead high school seniors have been stunned upon discovering that colleges do not consider the applicant's ability to put four movies in the correct order of their release to be knowledge worthy of a full tuition scholarship.

People no longer think it's strange to place one's entire financial future into the hands of random strangers who have the free time to stand on line all day to watch a game show taping.

Countless mentions of "our friends at AT&T" have helped the company build the warmest, most personal image of all the soulless telecommunication conglomerates.

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BULLY

Run home to mommy when you see the "Tower of Power" coming. With it's 460 bone-rattling watts and ground-thumping dual-subwoofers, the HX-Z3 will shake the change right out of your pockets. And the MP3 Playback guarantees the party isn't going to stop until you say so. When you blast your Tower of Power, people listen.

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BAKULA TO THE FUTURE DEPT.

Here's a quick lesson on how smart highly-paid network TV programmers are. In 1966, the original *Star Trek* began its five-year mission. Two years later, NBC decided *Trek* was a money loser and cancelled it. Audience protests got them to change their mind, but after one more season, they killed it AGAIN. Well, 80 gajillion spinoffs, toys, conventions, books, movies and a couple of very unfortunate record albums later, we can see what a brilliant move trying to snuff out *Star Trek* was. But did the TV boneheads pay for their blunder? Hell no! The cash they're pulling in off this franchise shows no sign of stopping, ever. In fact, it's an...

ENDL

Approach! This is Admiral A'Vaa of the starvessel Gleenx! Despite our having equipment developed in another time by another culture on the other side of the universe, we have no problem linking with your completely different technology! Go figure! Anyway, identify yourselves! Start with the one who looks like that guy from *Quantum Leap*!

I am Jonathan Starchshirt, Captain of the U.P.N. Endless-prize! Or, as the fans call me, "Kirk Lite"! Our mission is to interact with new forms of life under the Prime Directive! But our real mission is the Prime Time Directive! And that's to save this garbage scow of a network! I mean, *The Hughleys*, *Girlfriends* and *Roswell*? Black holes like those make the Klinkons and the Bore look like Mousketeers!

T'Bag, second-in-command and the iciest, coldest bitch since *The Weakest Link*'s Anne Robinson! Because of my superior intellect, I've been put on this ship! And because of my superior anti-gravity Vulcan sweater sweets, I've been put on screen savers by every dateless Trekkie! My most important character trait is absolute logic! Which is why I've been banned from the writers' meetings!

KEEP TREKKIN'

COACH CLASS TICKET

CONTROL ALT DELETE

Lieutenant Bedwetter, token African-Venusian reporting! Growing up as a rocket kid, I've visited more dead, lifeless locations than the last Alanis Morrisette tour! But I've also been to the twin moons of Urbangg and have seen the breathtaking Rainbow Valley of Vistar! I have seen the sun rise at Llap-Goch-S and the cascading Methanez Waterfalls! Sadly, none of our viewers will ever see any of these places! Why? 'Cause this is a cheap-ass UPN show!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

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ESS-PRIZE

I'm Commander Drip Tuckus, Chief Engineer! And I'm an example of the exciting, original direction this series will take! Even though I've got Bones McCoy's basic personality, they put me in Scotty's job! Talk about completely fresh! Though I'm a theoretical science whiz, I have no practical experience with alien cultures! But after a few months in this cramped metal ship, I'm sure we'll all be crawling with them!
As you can tell from my double-stuffed crust head, I am Dr. Phlop! And I'm delighted to be aboard! Humans are among my Top 10 favorite warm-blooded hominid bipeds! I'd love to observe a few human specimens inside tiny little boxes sometime! I got that idea from reading Dilbert!
I'm Gooshy Tomato, the Janeane Garofalo of the 22nd century! I've mastered over 17,000 intergalactic languages, and can fake my way through 100,000 more! I can understand anything that any species has to say to us...with the possible exception of Busta Rhymes! From the very first episode, riding on the Endless-prize made me a bit queasy in the stomach! So basically, I'm just like the viewers at home!
RE RUN
MONITOR
VENTA-PRISE
LUCENT
DOG
MUTT-ZORELLA CHEESE
Pip! Pip! Lt. Malcontent Reek reporting! My style is by-the-book, all spit and polish! Of course, in my case, the spit is generated by a protein resequencer! Even though I'm a genius with machinery, I'm very nervous around the opposite sex! It's probably a genetic thing! My great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather was the inventor of AOL!
Woof! I'm Porthole, the first dog in Star Trek history! Not counting the 1st, 3rd and 5th movies, that is! I've been on every episode, and so far, it turns out that I like to eat cheese! Which means my character arc is already more developed than 90% of the crew's!
DRUCKER

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Crew, our mission is the Interspacial Peace Talks! We will be transporting many of the diplomats to the conference!
How implausible! Wouldn't they each travel on their own ships?
Eliminating everything implausible would be disastrous! For instance, the Endless-prize would have shields that stayed up when somebody shot at us! We'd actually be shielded! Where would Star Trek be then?
USPN
ENDLESS
Your words are emotional, Captain! May I remind you that giving way to feelings can only interfere with our primary mission?
And may I remind you that you Vulcans have been pushing us humans around for years?
Perhaps that's because we are far better suited to make the decisions!
Careful, T'Bag! Your Vulcan pride comes dangerously close to showing emotion!
MAX. WARP
NORM WARP
Zzzzzz! Wake me when this is over! This tired squabbling schtick is the exact same routine that Star Trek has done with every freakin' cast!
Your dog ■ right, Captain! I calculate we will have this identical fake argument 184.5 times in the next seven years!
Damn your Vulcan accuracy! And damn our lazy script-writers!
Would you prefer the writers create one of their famous "funny" episodes for us to do instead?
I almost forgot! Could you do that clever thing where you take slang literally?
Dr. Phlop, the diplomats will be boarding soon! I need you on deck! Will you be long with your patient?
Heavens, no! It's a simple case of Humtupian head lice!
How do you plan to get rid of them?
Them? It's just one! It's a huge mother!
I'm new to these space missions! Shape-shifters always make me nervous!
So what? Did you see Shatner and the rest of those old coots by their last movie? Talk about shapeshifting! It was like a Swiss avalanche! The only one with saggier boobs than Uhura was Spock!
I found a pair of eyeglasses, Captain! They must belong to one of our guests!
What makes you think they don't belong to one of our own crew members?
Call it a hunch!

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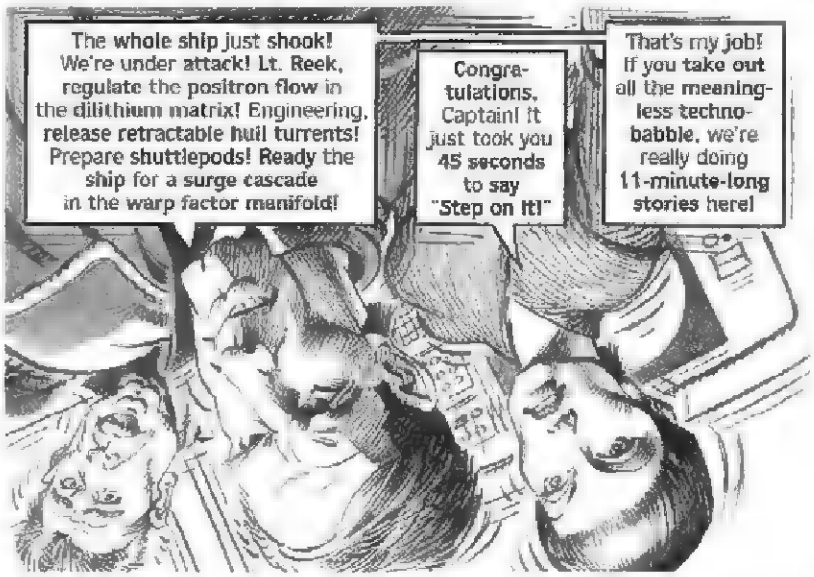
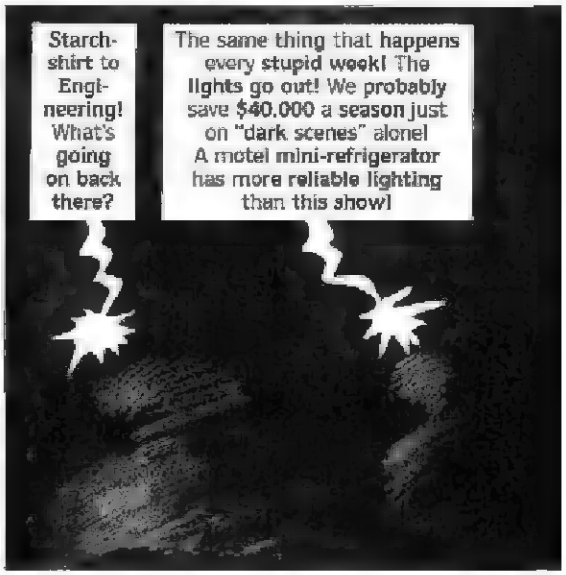
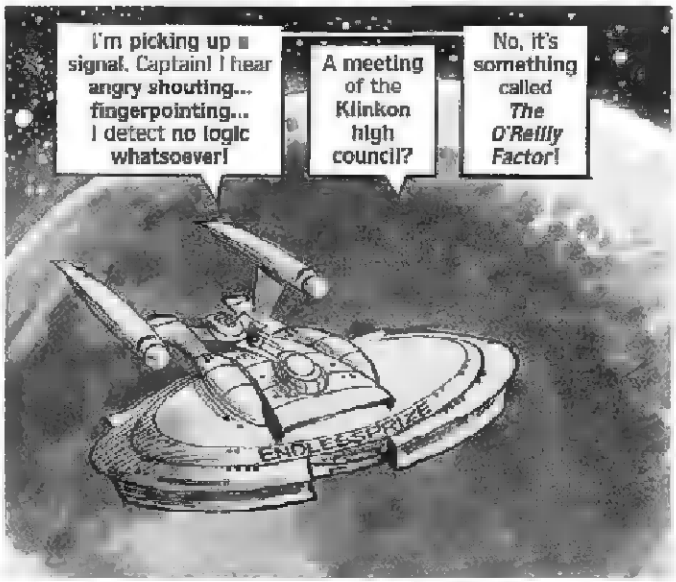
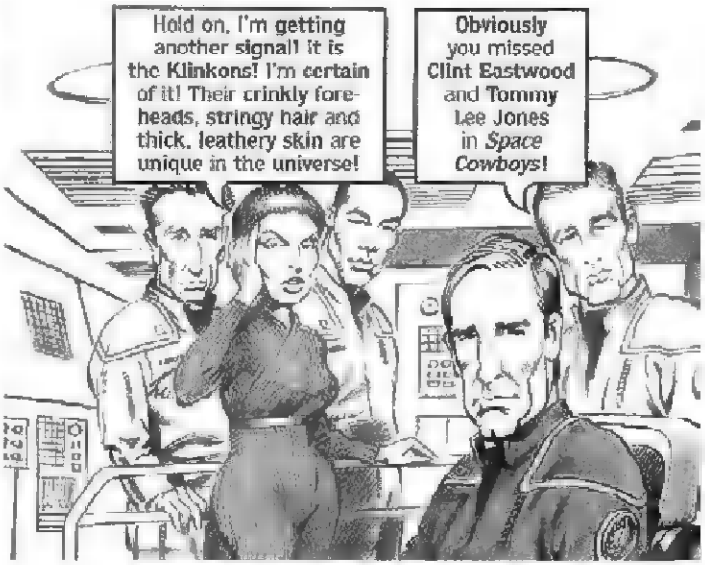
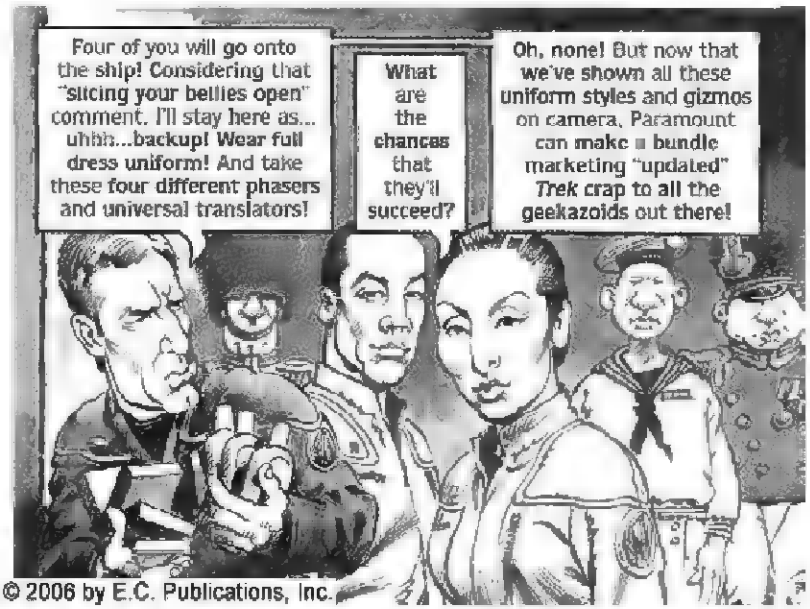

The whole ship just shook! We're under attack! Lt. Reek, regulate the positron flow in the dilithium matrix! Engineering, release retractable hull turrents! Prepare shuttlepods! Ready the ship for a surge cascade in the warp factor manifold!
Congratulations, Captain! It just took you 45 seconds to say "Step on it!"
That's my job! If you take out all the meaningless technobabble, we're really doing 11-minute-long stories here!


Starch-shirt to Engineering! What's going on back there?
The same thing that happens every stupid week! The lights go out! We probably save $40,000 a season just on "dark scenes" alone! A motel mini-refrigerator has more reliable lighting than this show!


I'm picking up a signal, Captain! I hear angry shouting... fingerpointing... I detect no logic whatsoever!
A meeting of the Klinkon high council?
No, it's something called *The O'Reilly Factor*!


Hold on, I'm getting another signal! It is the Klinkons! I'm certain of it! Their crinkly foreheads, stringy hair and thick, leathery skin are unique in the universe!
Obviously you missed Clint Eastwood and Tommy Lee Jones in *Space Cowboys*!

Surrender your ship! I will board your vessel and slit all your bellies open! Your final moments shall be spent watching my men scoop the hot entrails from your stomachs!
What do you call a request like that?
A Klinkon compromise! Answer quickly, an offer this good won't last!


Four of you will go onto the ship! Considering that "slicing your bellies open" comment, I'll stay here as... uhhh...backup! Wear full dress uniform! And take these four different phasers and universal translators!
What are the chances that they'll succeed?
Oh, none! But now that we've shown all these uniform styles and gizmos on camera, Paramount can make a bundle marketing "updated" *Trek* crap to all the geekazoids out there!

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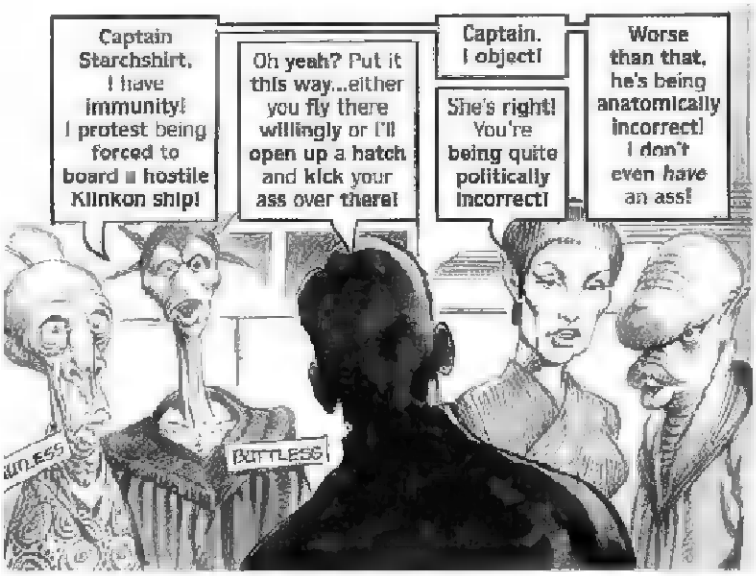
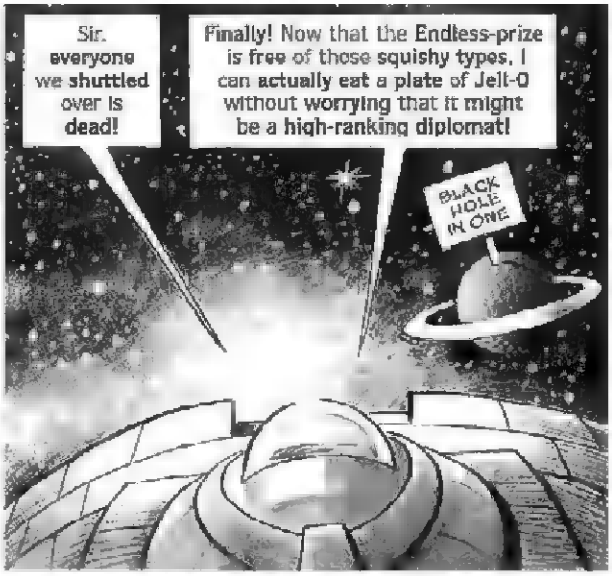
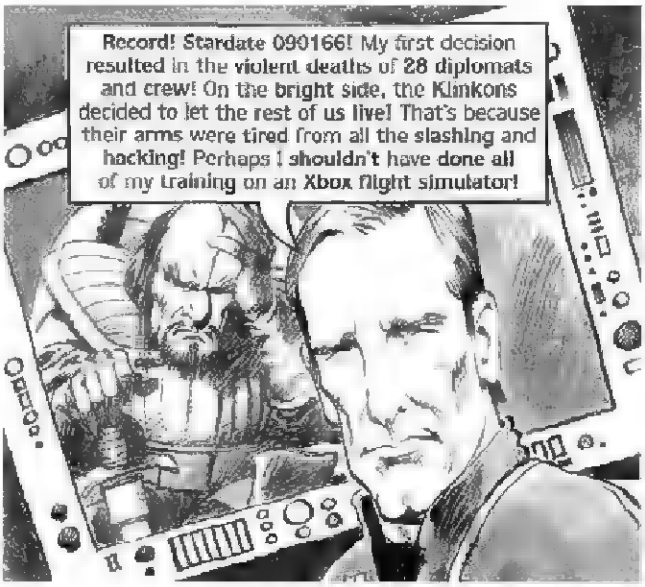
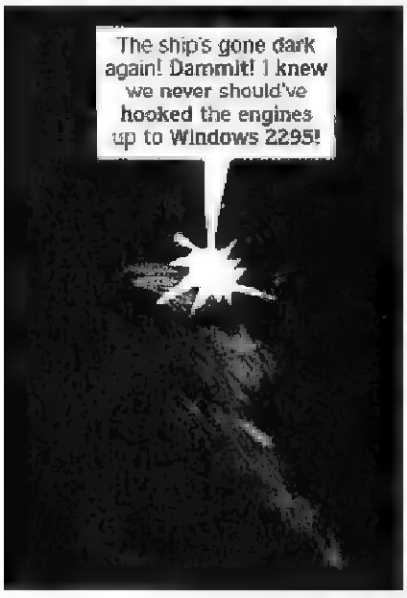
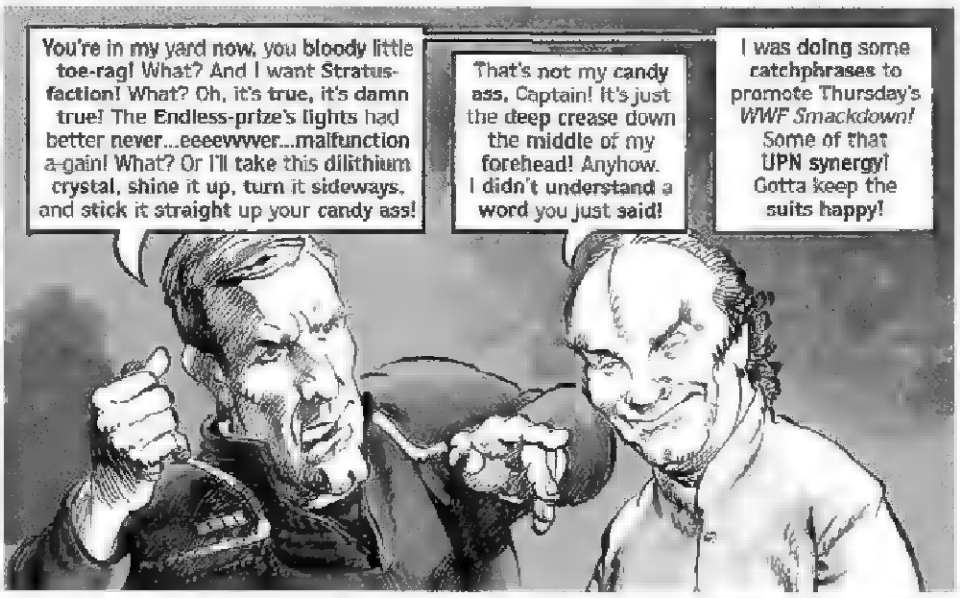

Captain Starchshirt, I have immunity! I protest being forced to board a hostile Klinkon ship!
Oh yeah? Put it this way...either you fly there willingly or I'll open up a hatch and kick your ass over there!
Captain, I object!
She's right! You're being quite politically incorrect!
Worse than that, he's being anatomically incorrect! I don't even have an ass!


Sir, everyone we shuttled over is dead!
Finally! Now that the Endless-prize is free of these squishy types, I can actually eat a plate of Jell-O without worrying that it might be a high-ranking diplomat!
BLACK HOLE IN ONE

Look at all that carnage! I think I'm going to be sick!
Whatever you do, don't throw up! It'll hover in zero gravity and you'll be looking at your own floating puke for the next 35 million miles!


Record! Stardate 090166! My first decision resulted in the violent deaths of 28 diplomats and crew! On the bright side, the Klinkons decided to let the rest of us live! That's because their arms were tired from all the slashing and hacking! Perhaps I shouldn't have done all of my training on an Xbox flight simulator!




You're in my yard now, you bloody little toe-rag! What? And I want Stratus-faction! What? Oh, it's true, it's damn true! The Endless-prize's lights had better never...eeeevvver...malfunction a-gain! What? Or I'll take this dilithium crystal, shine it up, turn it sideways, and stick it straight up your candy ass!
That's not my candy ass, Captain! It's just the deep crease down the middle of my forehead! Anyhow, I didn't understand a word you just said!
I was doing some catchphrases to promote Thursday's *WWF Smackdown!* Some of that UPN synergy! Gotta keep the suits happy!
BANK

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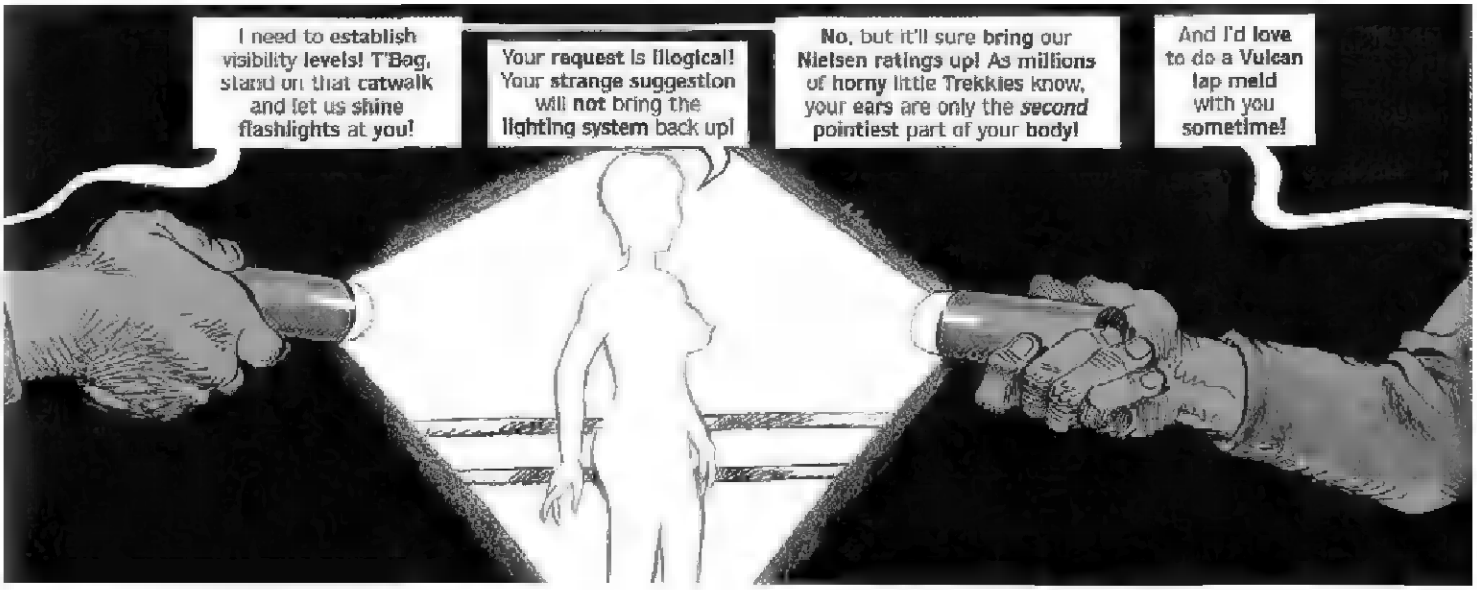
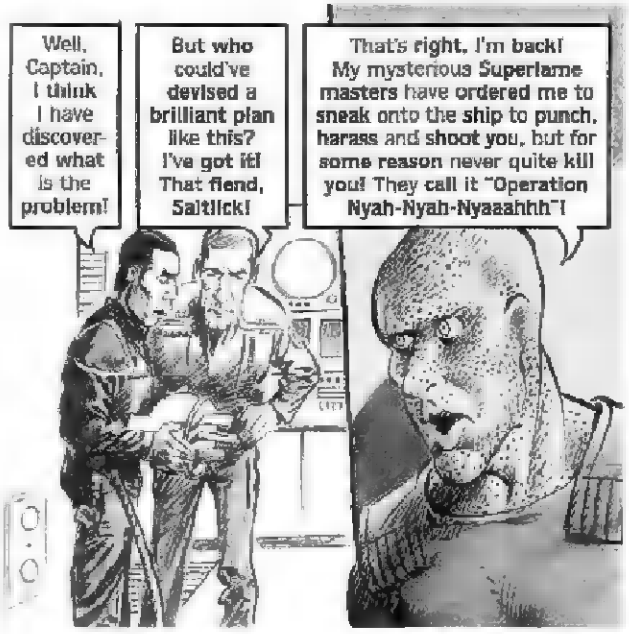
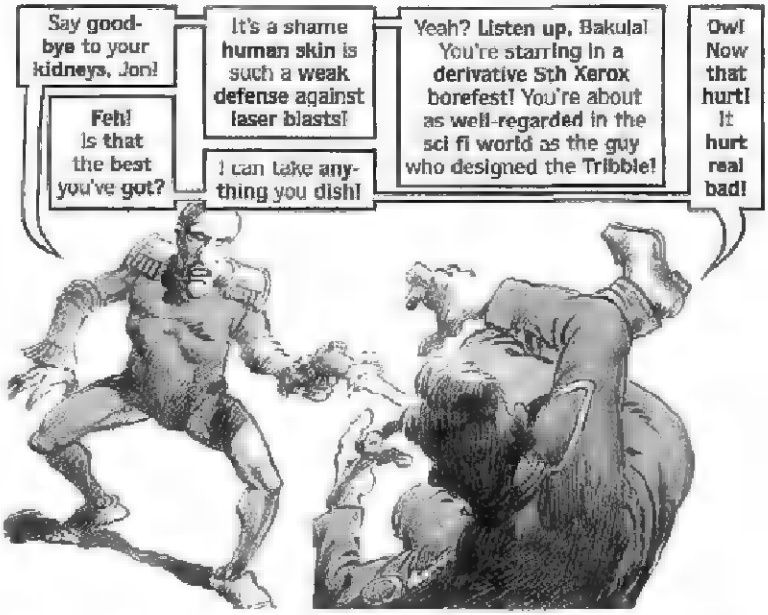
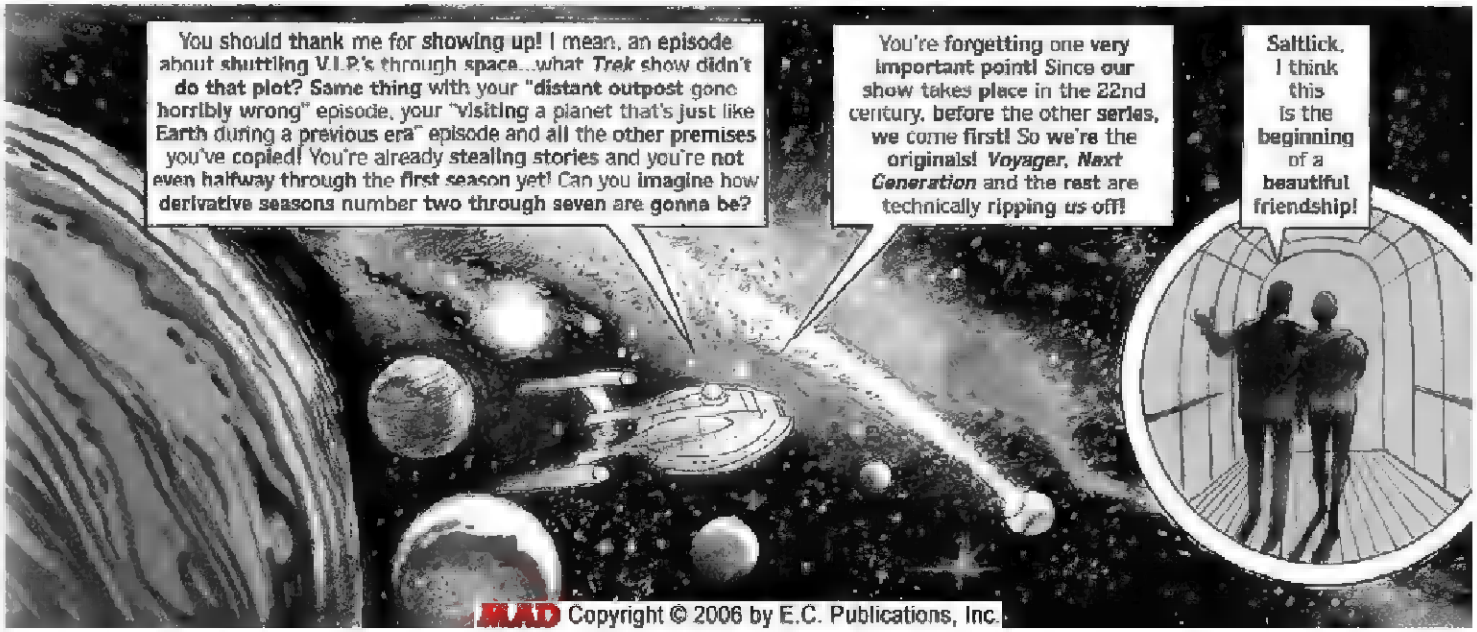

I need to establish visibility levels! T'Bag, stand on that catwalk and let us shine flashlights at you!
Your request is illogical! Your strange suggestion will not bring the lighting system back up!
No, but it'll sure bring our Nielsen ratings up! As millions of horny little Trekkies know, your ears are only the second pointiest part of your body!
And I'd love to do a Vulcan lap meld with you sometime!


Well, Captain, I think I have discovered what is the problem!
But who could've devised a brilliant plan like this? I've got it! That fiend, Saltlick!
That's right, I'm back! My mysterious Superlame masters have ordered me to sneak onto the ship to punch, harass and shoot you, but for some reason never quite kill you! They call it "Operation Nyah-Nyah-Nyaaahhh"!


Say good-bye to your kidneys, Jon!
Feh! Is that the best you've got?
It's a shame human skin is such a weak defense against laser blasts!
I can take anything you dish!
Yeah? Listen up, Bakula! You're starring in a derivative 5th Xerox borefest! You're about as well-regarded in the sci fi world as the guy who designed the Tribble!
Ow! Now that hurt! It hurt real bad!


You should thank me for showing up! I mean, an episode about shuttling V.I.P.'s through space...what Trek show didn't do that plot? Same thing with your "distant outpost gone horribly wrong" episode, your "visiting a planet that's just like Earth during a previous era" episode and all the other premises you've copied! You're already stealing stories and you're not even halfway through the first season yet! Can you imagine how derivative seasons number two through seven are gonna be?
You're forgetting one very important point! Since our show takes place in the 22nd century, before the other series, we come first! So we're the originals! Voyager, Next Generation and the rest are technically ripping us off!
Saltlick, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship!

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A MAD LOOK AT

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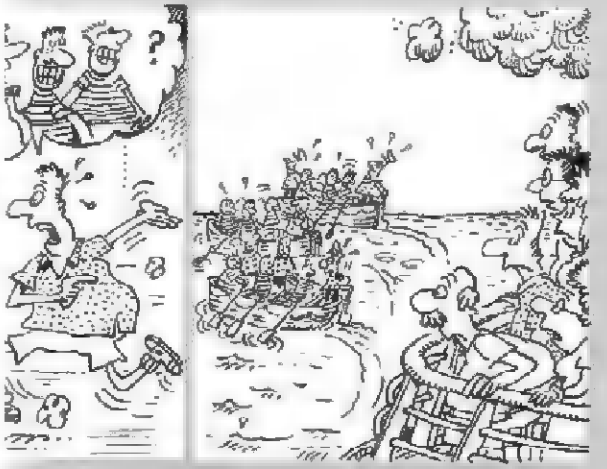
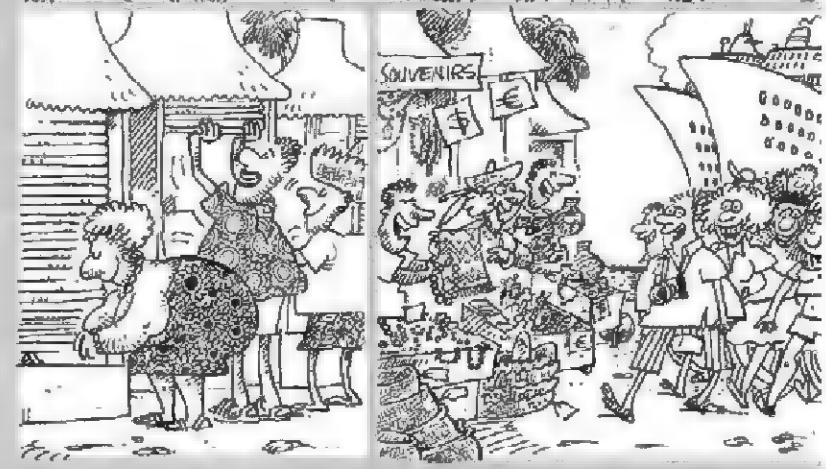
CRUISES





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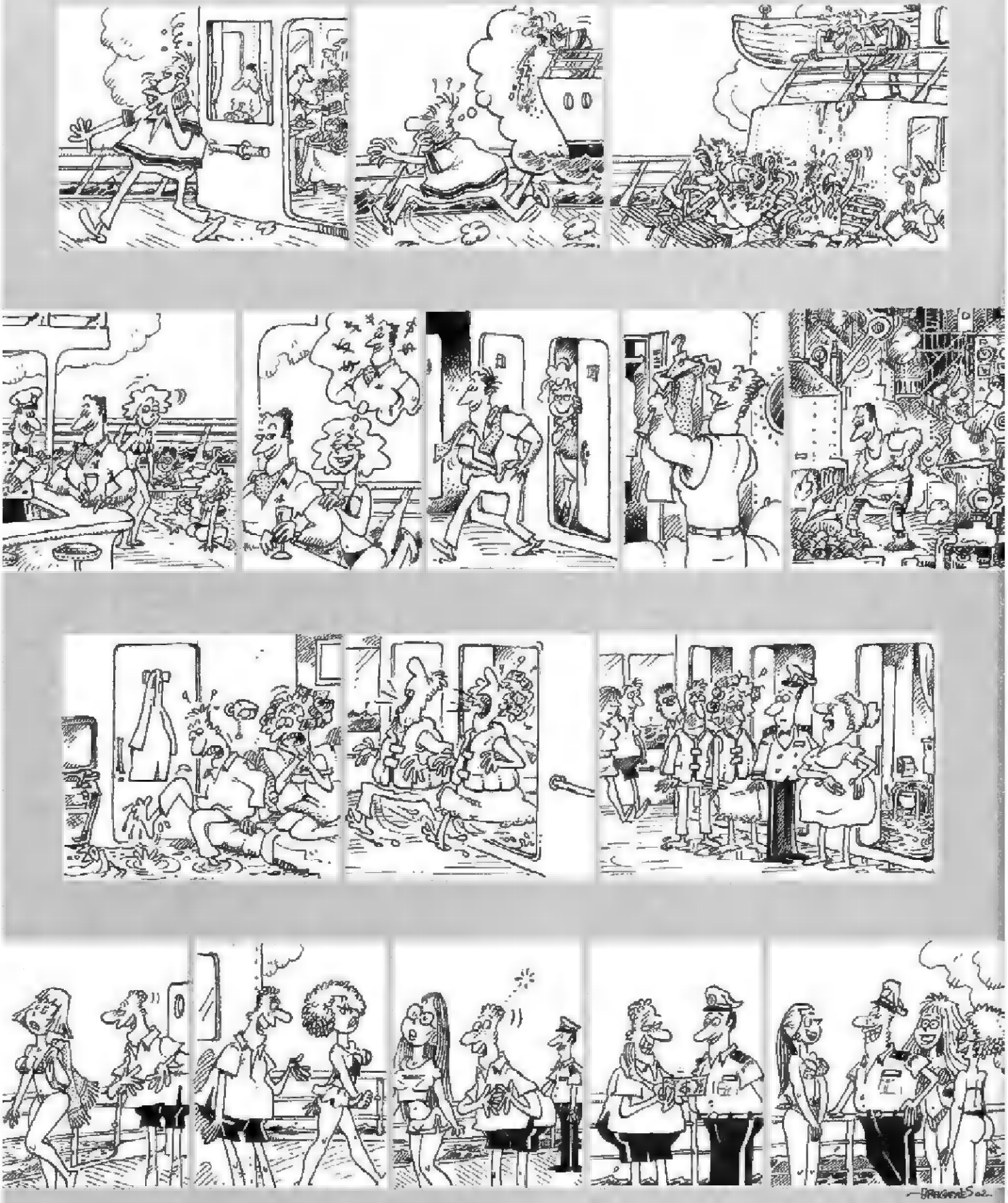

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MTV's reality series *The Osbournes* has become a runaway surprise hit and, as what happens with all hit TV shows, it's only a matter of time before corporate weasels try to "brand" it and milk every last buck possible from it. How? Mainly by licensing the Osbourne name to any manufacturer with a dumb idea and (more importantly) cash in hand! Get ready to hold your nose (and your wallet)! Here's...

SHODDY OSBOURNES MERCHANDISE WE'LL BE SEEING SOON

SHRIEKING SHARON OSBOURNE CAR ALARM

Felons beware! The Shrieking Sharon Osbourne Car Alarm is like having an annoyingly shrill, middle-aged Cockney woman screaming at you and yelling for the cops! Comes with free knitting needles, just in case the sound makes you want to drive them into your ears, and two Excedrin tablets.

Now criminals will never go near your car, and quite possibly, neither will you!

PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD WRITER: ARIE KAPLAN

PRINCE O' DARKNESS Bubble Mix

Sharon Osbourne's made yet another pact with those Lucifers in Licensing, and she's going to pass the satanic savings on to you! After Ozzy balked at the wildly inappropriate and ill-conceived bubble-blowing finale she'd planned for his Christmas concert, she was left with gallons and gallons of bubble mix, bubble mix that's been IN THE SAME ROOM AS OZZY OSBOURNE HIMSELF! Now she's looking to sell it, and lucky you! You get to buy it! Try this stuff and even the most hardcore heavy metal maniac will go from "Bloodbath in Paradise" to "Bubble Bath in Paradise" in no time!

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IRONMANsion

Osbournes Family Mansion Playset

Help your Kelly doll find her father's American Express Gold card she lost!

Put the incontinent Pomeranians, Chihuahuas, Japanese Chins and Bulldog all in one room or one in every room! We include them all!

Let your hobbling Ozzy figure catch the runaway cat...something the real Ozzy couldn't do!

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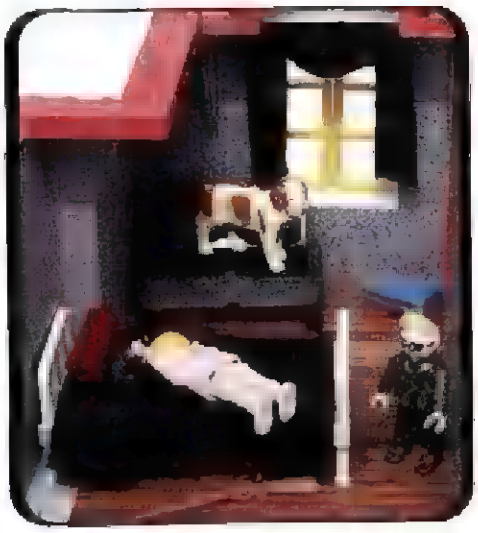
Modeled painstakingly after the Osbournes' real Beverly Hills digs, this miniature mansion was handcrafted by miniature people — Ozzy's very own Ozzfest midgets! — with an eye for accuracy and detail, so it's a perfect scale model of the real thing! Comes complete with Sad Doddering Ozzy doll, Bad Role Model Sharon doll, Dangerous Psycho Jack doll, and Bitchy Powder-Keg Kelly doll, as well as 645 toy dogs in realistic squatting positions. Jack's Idiot Friends dolls sold separately.



Incredibly lifelike (meaning he looks dead) figure of Jack's slacker friend Jason Dill passed out naked on Jack's bed!

The Sharon doll's in the bathroom with a whiskey bottle — looks like she's going to punish son Jack with a capital "Pee"!

Every detail has been painstakingly reproduced by Third-World artisans!

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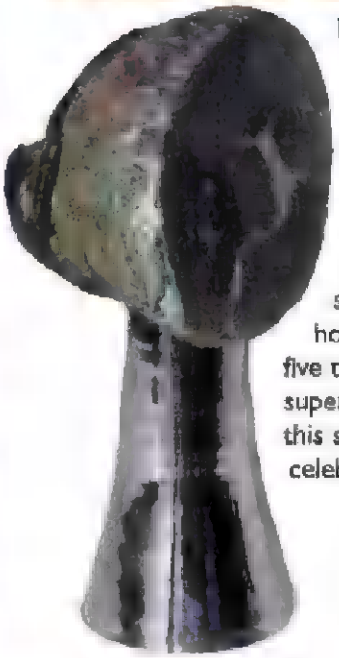
JASON DILL
INACTION FIGURE

Based on Jack Osbourne's highly unloved slacker pal, this plastic figure comes with a Help Wanted section he'll never use, dishes he'll never clean, and a ratty, tangled white afro he'll never comb! (Comb not included, obviously.)

Jason Dill
The Osbournes
He doesn't have poseable joints!
He doesn't have kung-Fu grip!
He doesn't come with a voice-chip that says 5 cool phrases!
In fact, he doesn't do ANYTHING! (Just like the real Jason Dill!)
DOLL CONSTRUCTION: JOHN SAZAKIS

Actual OSBOURNE FOOD PAPERWEIGHT



Now you too can feel like a rock star family! This is real food thrown by the Osbournes at their obnoxious neighbors! Also, use it to start food fights, as a door stop or alternative hockey puck. Sure, it's five times the price of real supermarket food, but hey, this stuff was handled by celebrities!

OSBOURNE'S OWN GRAVY

Paul Newman may have his Newman's Own recipes, but he doesn't hold a scented candle to the beastmaster bon vivant himself, Ozzy Osbourne! Of course, Ozzy's taste buds haven't worked since 1979, during a much-publicized tryst with two Swedish stewardesses, a paint roller, and a bucket of turpentine. But we hear it's real tasty anyway. Contains chunks of things that Ozzy swears were dead to begin with!

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Voices In Me Head

TALKING OZZY COOKIE JAR

"I-i-if you don't want to go to the f***ing vagina doctor, you don't have to f***ing go to the vagina doctor!"

"Jack! Come help me figure out the bloody f***ing channel changer before I have a f***ing nervous breakdown!"

"Look how f***ing fat the cat's got!"

"N-n-no work and all play makes, uh—A-a-all work and all play, uh—A-a-all play and no work makes—Oh, f**k it!"

"The f***ing cat had herpes?"

"I'm not one of these wimpy f***ing guys who goes, 'Oh, doctor, I've got a pain in my big toe, please don't amputate!'"

"He's smoking the evil bong!"

"That cat's gonna f***ing die, man!"

"I need a naked lady lying on me for about the next three weeks!"

"SHARonnnn!!!"

Ozzy used to be known for tossing his cookies; now you can eat his cookies! Every time you take the lid off Ozzy's head, it activates a voice-chip that spews out 666 incoherent, spastic phrases!

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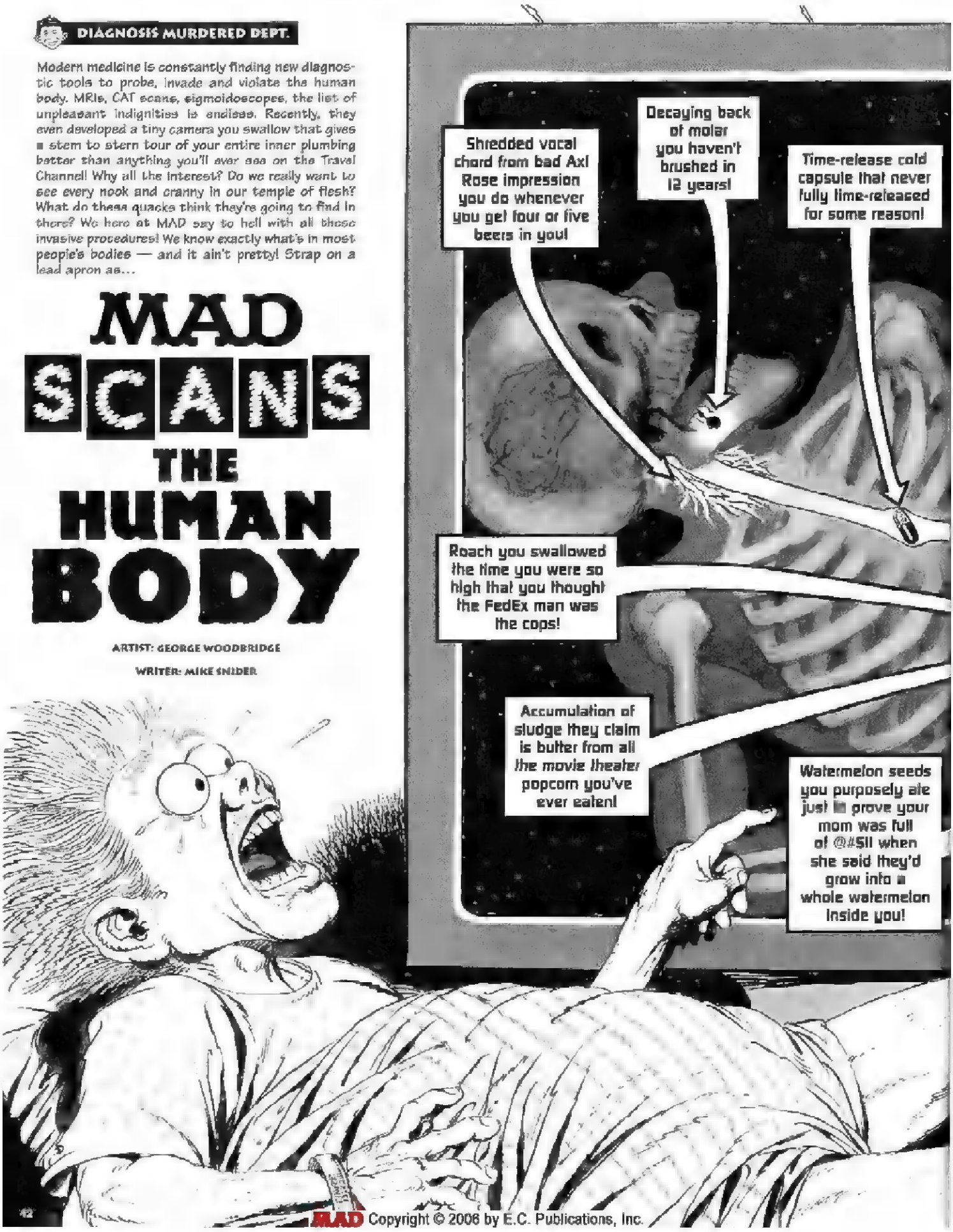
DIAGNOSIS MURDERED DEPT.

Modern medicine is constantly finding new diagnostic tools to probe, invade and violate the human body. MRIs, CAT scans, sigmoidoscopes, the list of unpleasant indignities is endless. Recently, they even developed a tiny camera you swallow that gives a stem to stern tour of your entire inner plumbing better than anything you'll ever see on the Travel Channel! Why all the interest? Do we really want to see every nook and cranny in our temple of flesh? What do these quacks think they're going to find in there? We here at MAD say to hell with all those invasive procedures! We know exactly what's in most people's bodies — and it ain't pretty! Strap on a lead apron as...

MAD SCANS THE HUMAN BODY

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER


Shredded vocal chord from bad Axl Rose impression you do whenever you get four or five beers in you!
Decaying back of molar you haven't brushed in 12 years!
Time-release cold capsule that never fully time-released for some reason!
Roach you swallowed the time you were so high that you thought the FedEx man was the cops!
Accumulation of sludge they claim is butter from all the movie theater popcorn you've ever eaten!
Watermelon seeds you purposely ate just to prove your mom was full of @#$!! when she said they'd grow into a whole watermelon inside you!

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Love note you swallowed in 3rd Grade when the teacher caught you passing it to the cute girl in the next row!
Tiny rubber band you swallowed while making out with a girl who had braces!
Assorted Band-Aids, scabs and God-knows-what-else that accidentally came off the hands of fast-food cooks and fell into your order!
Penny you swallowed at age four and never passed, that may be a rare collectible worth big bucks now!
Singed colon cells as a result of fart-lighting mishap during fraternity pledge week in college!
Permanent burn hole in intestinal lining left by Jalapeño pepper you once ate on a dare!
Trapped pocket of explosive toxic gases from Taco Bell Burrito Supreme!

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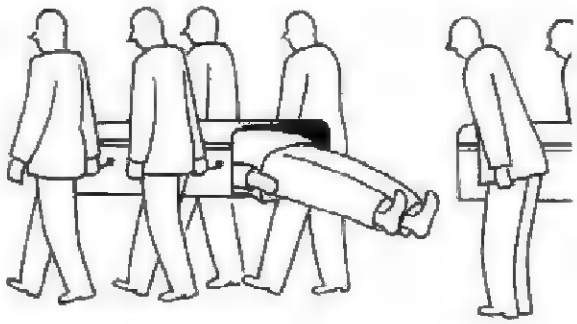
IMPORTANT PRODUCT RECALL NOTICE FROM HEAVENLY SLUMBER, INC.

Heavenly Slumber, Inc. is recalling coffins, caskets, funerary boxes and sarcophagi marketed under the brand names **Prestige, Excelsior, Commodore, Regale, Sophisticate, Velvet Underground** and **Eternal Napster.** Funeral homes throughout the United States purchased the wood or metal burial receptacles from us for $175.00 wholesale and sold them to the public for $3,000-5,000 each. But that's not the problem.

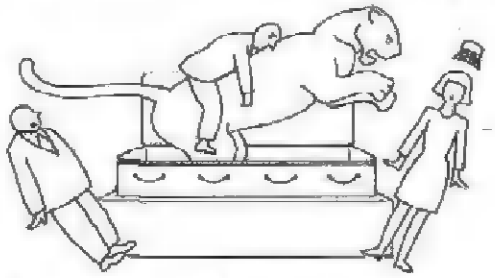
An undetermined number of our coffins bearing one of the above model names and with serial numbers ending in RIP02X* have been mislabeled and are actually our Professional **"Abracadabra"** Showbiz models, which we manufacture exclusively for the stage. Some of these coffins are "trick" models designed to be sawed in half by professional magicians.

As a result, Heavenly Slumber has received reports that at funeral services, these coffins may suddenly split in two, dumping the dearly departed on the ground or into an open grave. Heavenly Slumber has also received reports of half the coffin staying inside when being slid out of a hearse, leaving half of the deceased hanging out. The sight of their loved ones' crumpled, contorted bodies may be disconcerting to the bereaved.



WARNING: IF YOU HAVE RECENTLY PURCHASED ONE OF THE ABOVE NAMED HEAVENLY SLUMBER PRODUCTS, DO NOT USE IT FOR WAKES, FUNERALS OR OTHER INTERMENT NEEDS. IF THE CASKET IS ALREADY IN THE GROUND, YOU MAY PREFER TO TAKE NO ACTION. IF YOU ARE CURRENTLY USING ONE OF THE ABOVE NAMED HEAVENLY SLUMBER PRODUCTS AT A WAKE OR IN A MEMORIAL SERVICE, IMMEDIATE ATTENTION IS REQUIRED. PALLBEARERS SHOULD BE WARNED TO EXERCISE EXTREME CAUTION WHEN HANDLING THE COFFIN AND AT NO POINT SHOULD THEY EVER TAP IT THREE TIMES WITH A MAGICIAN'S WAND.

Other models of Heavenly Slumber Coffins named above, those with serial numbers ending in DOA-99* have a false bottom with a cavity underneath, large enough to conceal a small to average-sized magician's assistant.



As a result, it is possible for the beloved corpse to be there one minute and gone the next. This could be disconcerting to the bereaved at an "open casket" service.

WARNING: IN THE EVENT A CADAVER DOES SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR, DIVERT ATTENTION BY IMMEDIATELY EXCLAIMING THAT IT'S A SIGN OF A "MIRACLE." FALL TO YOUR KNEES AND, WHILE TREMBLING, PRAISE YOUR LORD THAT THE DEARLY DEPARTED HAS "GONE TO HEAVEN." SHOULD THE DECEASED SUDDENLY REAPPEAR IN THE COFFIN ASTRIDE A WHITE SIBERIAN TIGER, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN. IMPROVISE.

We're here to help: Heavenly Slumber, Inc. regrets any inconvenience. Consumers should stop using the recalled caskets immediately and call us toll free at 1-800-BYE-BYE. We will send you an insulated envelope large enough to return the coffin to us, at which time we will replace it free of charge. Replacement time will be 6-8 weeks. While waiting for the replacement death canister, we have made arrangements with **Kroger, Acme** and **Piggly-Wiggly** supermarkets across the country to hang your loved one's embalmed remains in one of their refrigerated meat lockers until you receive your replacement burial vault. Consumers using this option will receive a tag reading "Do Not Sell" to attach to the carcass at no additional charge. Thank you.

*the serial number can be found on page 2 of the casket owner's manual

ARTIST: GARY HALLGREN WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

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CAN YOU SMELL WHAT THE ROCK IS CRAWLING UP?
Take an old-fashioned sword and sorcery film from the 1950's, add a muscle-bound wrestler, add a camel, add cleavage, shoot the thing in Arizona but pretend it's Arabia, throw in a heavy metal soundtrack, add more cleavage... and you've got *box office gold!* Yes! That's the sound of cash registers ringing at Universal Studios. And that sound is...
THE SCO
I am MatThighs! We have two weeks to save the world and destroy the evil warlords!
Why two weeks?
Spider-Man and other summer blockbusters open! In two weeks no one will care or remember what we do here!
You are a sorceress who can foretell the future! What do you see?
I see bad news in my future! After this film, movie audiences will be talking about me!
Why is that bad?
They'll be saying I'm just another pretty belly!
The Rock is the new action hero in Hollywood!
Critics say he has the acting chops of Ah-nuld!
Like in *Conan the Barbarian?*
More like in *Jingle all the Way!*
Okay, this is not exactly *In The Bedroom*, but it's a gig! Aw, who am I kidding! This is a pathetic sword and sandal flick! I give this film one and a half humps!
46
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RPION KA-CHING!

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA WRITER: ARNIE ROGEN

I am Memnuts, a diabolical warlord bent on world conquest! I am one evil dude! I kill at the drop of a turban! I will annihilate Assyria! I will disembowel Mesopotamia! I will slice Turkey!
My child, this film covers a strange period in world history!
What do you mean?
It is 3,000 years before the Pyramids and the Pharaohs...But we seem to be at the dawn of Mohawk haircuts! Check out the 'do on Memnuts!
I am Baldhazard, great Nubian warrior! I am badder than Babylonia! I am bigger than Syria!
Here's a wild guess... Michael Clarke Duncan won't get an Oscar nomination for this one!
Not unless there's a category for "Darth Vader Sound-Alike"!
Is that a weapon you have there?
No! I'm with the movie production crew!
What is your job?
I'm the film's Hair Wrangler!
This is sad! Chaos, havoc, violence, murder, mayhem! This is the Middle East five thousand years ago!
Here's what's sad! Things haven't changed much in five thousand years!

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We are the scattered tribes! Akkadian, we will give you 20 blood rubies to kill the sorcerer of Memnuts!
Thank you! With this money I shall kill the warlord — and hopefully, I shall eventually buy a shirt!
It is a mistake to send him out there!
You have doubts, huge Nubian? They say he has the strength of Hercules!
But the acting skill of Hulk Hogan!
Perfect! He'll blend right in with the rest of us!
You? I didn't expect to see such outstanding breasts!
Neither did I! Wow! Look at you!
The Akkadian battles well!
He is skilled at blades and arrows and axes!
And that new weapon! Breaking a folding chair over an opponent's head!
He must have picked that move up in some SummerSlam in a faraway land!
Did I tell you about the time I parked my camel? I was having coffee in the marketplace and the guy asked, "One hump or two?"...
Who ARE you, weasly one?
I am called Armpit! I am a horse thief and also the comedy relief! I will be your gooty sidekick!
If that camel joke is your best material, I prefer the fire ants!
Death by fire ants! This could only happen in 3000 B.C.!
5,000 years from now they will have this type of torture again! It will be called *Fear Factor!*

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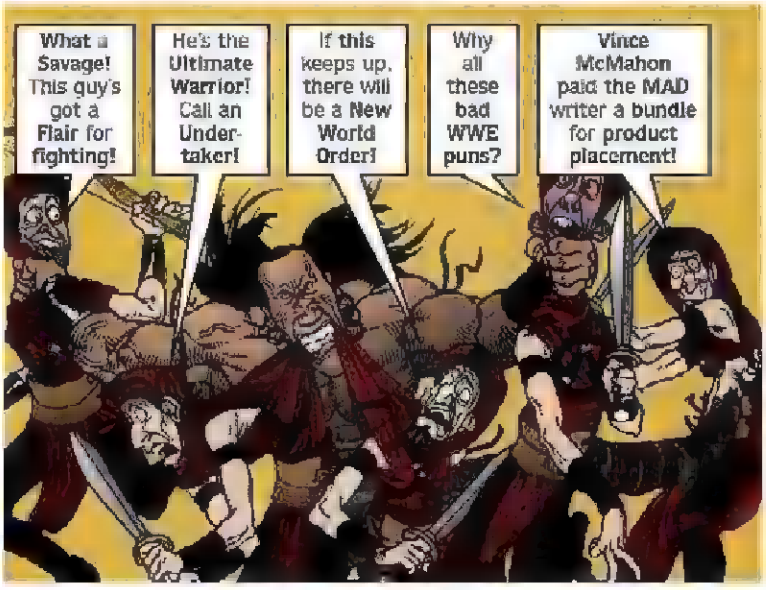
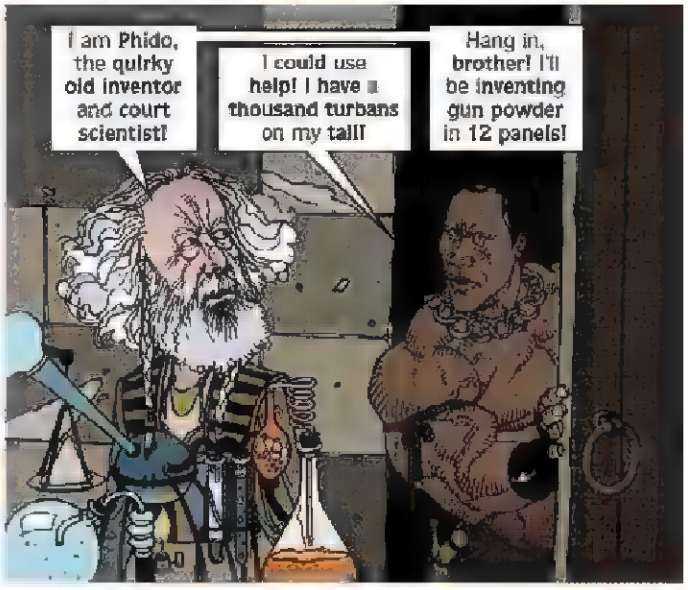
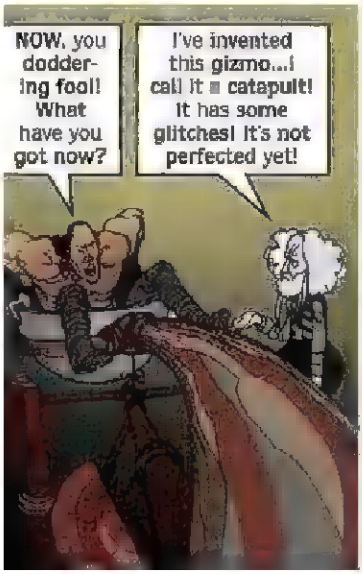
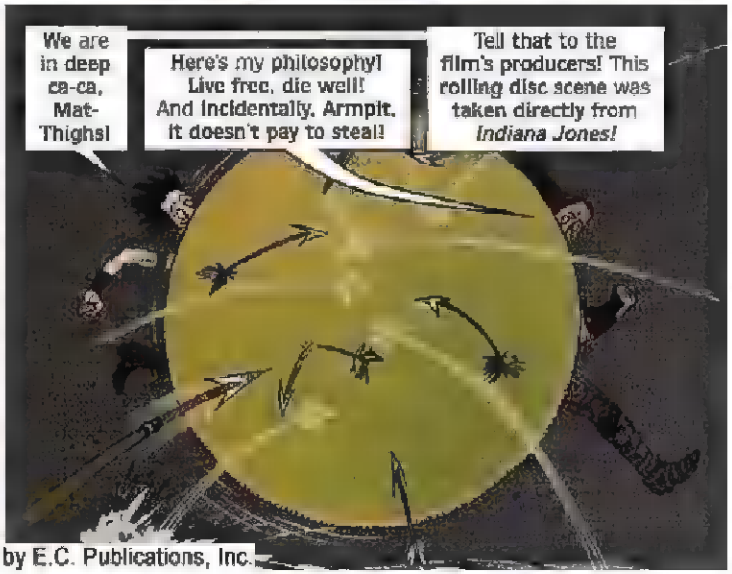
What are we doing here?
We are here to avenge my brother's death and pick up some more "colorful characters," like this adorable street urchin who is picking my pocket!
Have you noticed 10-year-old movie thieves are always adorable?

This guy's amazing! He is stopping an arrow with his stomach!
His stomach must be made of steel!
That's not Memnuts' stomach! That's his heart!


What a Savage! This guy's got a Flair for fighting!
He's the Ultimate Warrior! Call an Undertaker!
If this keeps up, there will be a New World Order!
Why all these bad WWE puns?
Vince McMahon paid the MAD writer a bundle for product placement!


I am Phido, the quirky old inventor and court scientist!
I could use help! I have a thousand turbans on my tail!
Hang in, brother! I'll be inventing gun powder in 12 panels!


NOW, you doddering fool! What have you got now?
I've invented this gizmo...I call it a catapult! It has some glitches! It's not perfected yet!


We are in deep ca-ca, Mat-Thighs!
Here's my philosophy! Live free, die well! And incidentally, Armpit, it doesn't pay to steal!
Tell that to the film's producers! This rolling disc scene was taken directly from *Indiana Jones!*

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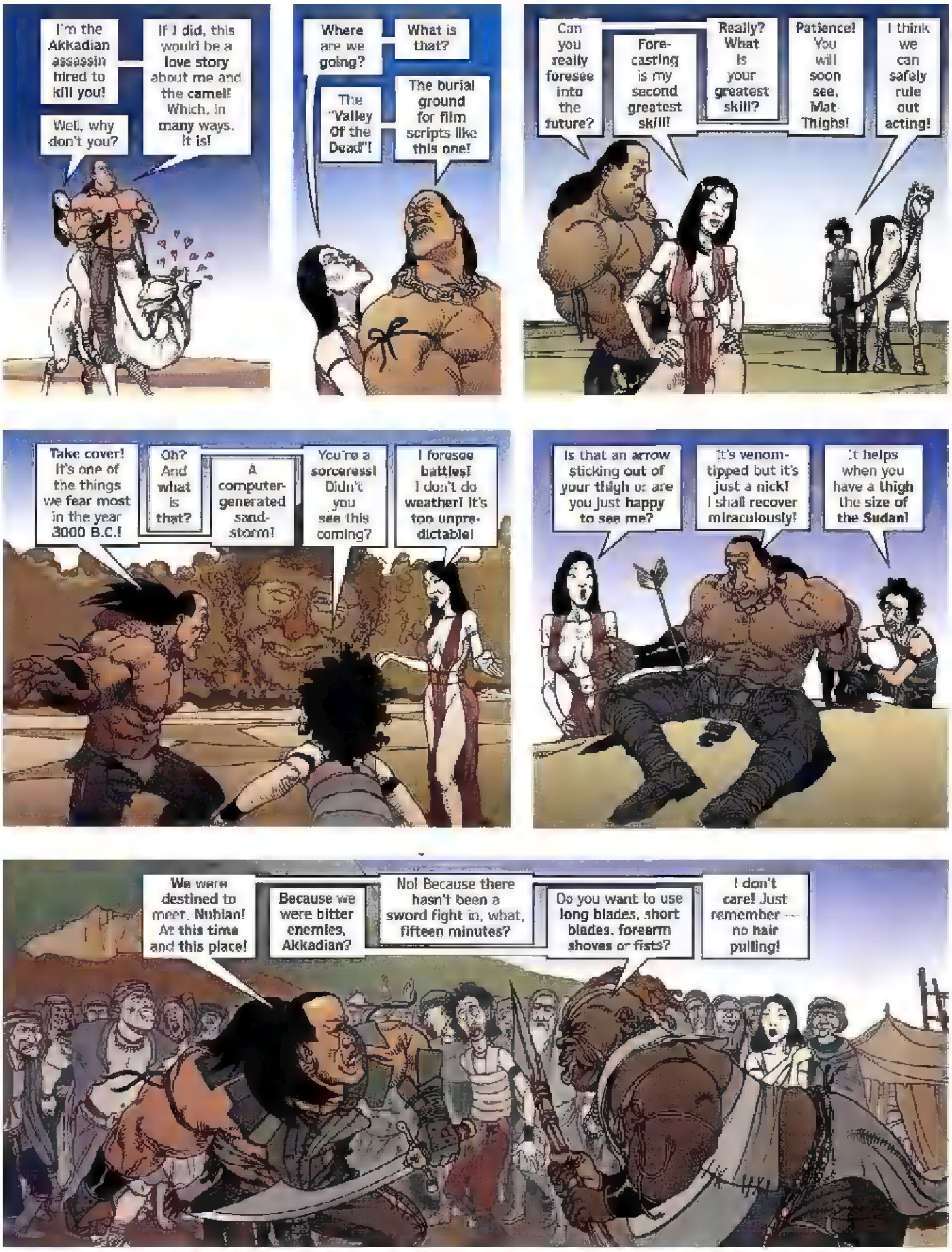
I'm the Akkadian assassin hired to kill you!
If I did, this would be a love story about me and the camel! Which, in many ways, it is!
Well, why don't you?
Where are we going?
What is that?
The "Valley Of the Dead"!
The burial ground for film scripts like this one!
Can you really foresee into the future?
Fore-casting is my second greatest skill!
Really? What is your greatest skill?
Patience! You will soon see, Mat-Thighs!
I think we can safely rule out acting!
Take cover! It's one of the things we fear most in the year 3000 B.C.!
Oh? And what is that?
A computer-generated sand-storm!
You're a sorceress! Didn't you see this coming?
I foresee battles! I don't do weather! It's too unpre-dictable!
Is that an arrow sticking out of your thigh or are you just happy to see me?
It's venom-tipped but it's just a nick! I shall recover miraculously!
It helps when you have a thigh the size of the Sudan!
We were destined to meet, Nubian! At this time and this place!
Because we were bitter enemies, Akkadian?
No! Because there hasn't been a sword fight in, what, fifteen minutes?
Do you want to use long blades, short blades, forearm shoves or fists?
I don't care! Just remember — no hair pulling!

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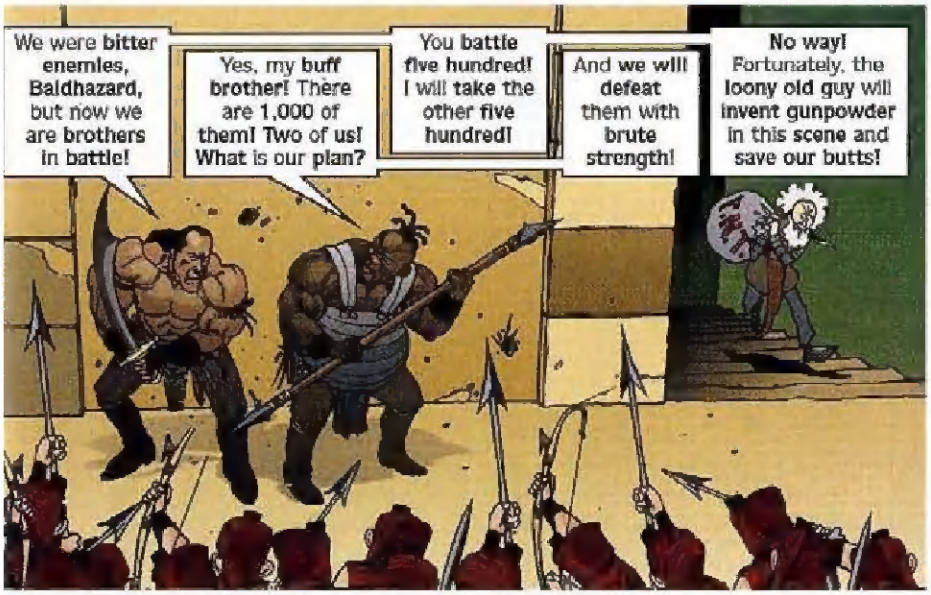
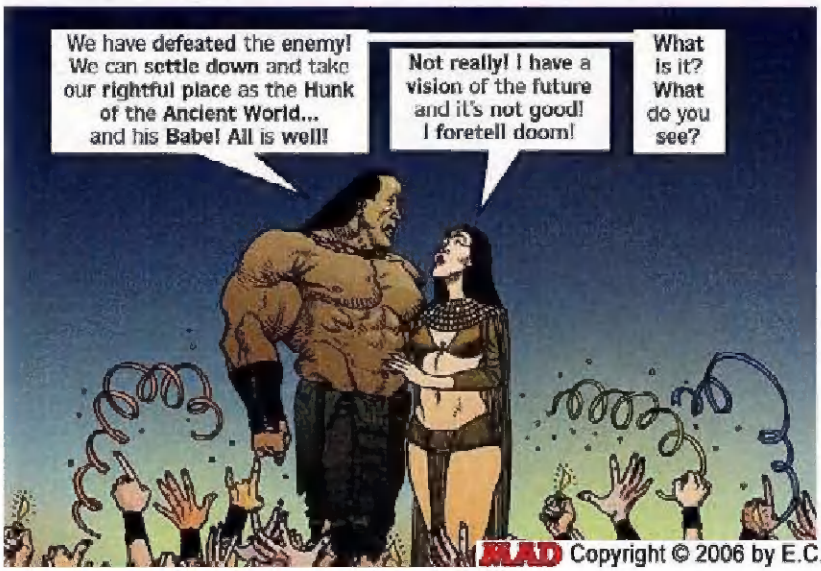
Wow! It's the Battle of the Bulge — in ancient times!
Hollywood hasn't seen anything like this since T-Rex fought those raptors in *Jurassic Park!*
But those were mechanical CGI characters with no soul or life to them!
Exactly!

I sense a change in you, sorceress! I shall set up a "cobra in a basket" test to see if you are still a virgin!
This is outrageous, my lord! I predict 5,000 years from now there will be no such test for women!
Because it will be uncivilized and politically incorrect?
Because in the year 2000 there will be no such thing as a virgin!


We were bitter enemies, Baldhazard, but now we are brothers in battle!
Yes, my buff brother! There are 1,000 of them! Two of us! What is our plan?
You battle five hundred! I will take the other five hundred!
And we will defeat them with brute strength!
No way! Fortunately, the loony old guy will invent gunpowder in this scene and save our butts!

You've won! Hopefully, never again will we see his kind!
A ruthless warlord?
A stock movie villain with a sinister British accent!


We have defeated the enemy! We can settle down and take our rightful place as the Hunk of the Ancient World... and his Babe! All is well!
Not really! I have a vision of the future and it's not good! I foretell doom!
What is it? What do you see?

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"Dad says it's natural to SHAKE THE GOO first thing in the morning."

What've you got on the brain? We're talking about the energy you get from goo, the stuff at the bottom of great-tasting Love Bus Brew, made with real milk and Dutch chocolate. It's packed with Siberian ginseng, calcium, protein and vitamins for that extra kick that helps you get through just about anything. (Sicko.)

SoBe LOVE BUS BREW

SHAKE YOUR GOO!

www.sobebev.com

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WHAT SHOCKING EVENTS HAVE RESULTED IN COUNTLESS LIVES BEING RUINED?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

It seems these days that certain unfortunate groups of Americans have become innocent victims of others' self-serving and unacceptable actions. It has made everyone feel paranoid and vulnerable around people they should be able to trust. One scandal in particular ruined many lives. To find out what this widespread tragedy is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

ENRUIN CORP.
I'M PISSED
20 YEAR'S SAVINGS GONE!
WE'LL LOSE OUR HOMES
DOWN WITH CORPORATE CROOKS
MY PENSION $0.00
ACCOUNTANTS SHOULD BE HELD TO ACCOUNT
GIVE BACK POLITICAL DONATIONS
COMPANY CORRUPTION TRIUMPHED AGAIN
OUR RETIREMENT IS KAPUT!!
BRIBED POLITICIANS HELPED DESTROY US!
MY KIDS WILL STARVE
OUR PENSIONS
BOSSES GOT THE DOUGH EMPLOYEES GOT THE SHAFT!

WHILE NOT MANY WERE PAYING ANY ATTENTION, A DISSOLUTE COLLECTION OF INDIVIDUALS WERE DEALING DIRTY. THE FEAR CREATED IN VICTIMS WILL MAKE THEM SUFFER A LONG TIME

A ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE B

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